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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The document alluded to by the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* as emanating from the Moscow Committee, and circulating from hand to hand, was really presented by a deputation to Prince Woronzoff with the request to communicate it to the Hereditary Grand Duke. The demands contained in this document were:—1. That the army should be commanded by more capable men, appointed without distinction of birth. 2. That the present *personnel* of the Diplomatic Corps should be changed, inasmuch as it is feared that the present Corps is intent on concluding a rotten peace with the Turks, because they, the diplomats, hate the Slavs more than the Turks, as after their liberation the Slavs would be able to govern themselves, and thus deal the death-blow to the present government-system, which is being propped up to the detriment of all by the diplomacy of St. Petersburg. 3. That the Zemstvos should elect a central committee to assist the Council of State in its deliberations. 4. That the Imperial Guard, which is too open to the influence of the Court, should be sent to the seat of war. 5. That a national militia should be organised. On the whole this document is said to have been favourably received by the Grand Duke, who promised to consider it seriously, and expressed a hope that some of its provisions might be carried out.

Our readers will find further on an article on the progress of the electoral campaign in France, written by a member of the Republican party, who is taking an active part in it. We have received from Paris the much-talked-of "Map of the 363," carefully enclosed in a letter, so as to prevent a seizure. No sooner, it will be remembered, had that map—which contains nothing but a matter-of-fact statement—been published, than its sale in the kiosques was prohibited. We find in it the various departments and electoral circumscriptions of France marked by red, green, or white colour, according to the vote given by their representatives. Red stands for those who on June 19 voted in the Republican majority. Green is used for those who believe in Marshal MacMahon. White marks the constituencies of the men who had not the courage to vote at all. Looking at France as a whole, with few exceptions, the central parts of the country are Republican. The same is the case with the North-East, the East, and the South-East—that is, the country which is turned towards Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. On the other hand, the reactionary (anti-Republican) opinions are chiefly to be found in the North-West, the West, and the South-West, where the Breton and the Basque element is historically located, and where the Counter-Revolution had some of its strongholds at the end of last century. Still, even Brittany is now pretty well divided between the Reds and the Greens. Altogether the districts of the North-West, the West, and the South-West present a considerably checkered appearance. Only ten electoral circumscriptions show the white colour. Most of the constituencies at whose head a town of some note stands belong to the Republican party. All the representatives of the twenty-five constituencies of the Seine—with Paris at its head—voted, on June 19, with th Republican majority. The only exception was the Du e Decazes, who abstained from voting. The representatives of the three Versailles circumscriptions also voted, significantly enough, in the Republican sense. So did all the representatives of Lyons, of Marseilles, of Bordeaux, of Rouen. Sedan, Carcassonne, Narbonne, Aix, Arles, Caen, Bayeux, Rochefort, Bourges, Dijon, Besançon, Evreux, Chartres, Toulouse, Montpellier, Tours, Grenoble, Orleans, Reims, Epernay, Nancy, Lunéville, Toul, Lille, Cambrai, Douai, Arras, Perpignan, Châlons-sur-Seine, Avignon, Limoges, Epinal, and many other towns, are either wholly or mainly on the Republican side. The Algerian colonies are entirely with the same party. In Corsica, the Northern and Southern circumscription are R[illegible]blican; the three central constituencies are, however, on the reactionary side. This "Map of the 363" goes far to prove that if matters were simply fought out on the legal and constitutional ground, the Marshal would be "nowhere."

In view of the present critical situation, the Chamber of Deputies at Athens will not be prorogued until the end of September. The reserves, the National Volunteer Guard, and all those liable to military service who are on leave of absence have been called in. Public opinion in Greece as well as in the Greek colonies is tending more and more towards an anti-Slav policy. The passage of the Balkans has created intense excitement in Greece, but as yet it is still under control. How long it will so remain it is hard to say; it is certain, however, that it contains the germ of a national movement for the defence of Roumelia, *i.e.* the Greek provinces, against Slav aggression, which will be second to none for intensity in all the annals of Greek history. Most Governments are gradually arriving at the conclusion that, after all, the Oriental question will be best settled at Athens, and the Greeks the safest successors to the Turks both for the country itself and Europe at large.

It appears that the Russian Government have dis-

covered the existence of a number of secret elementary schools in Poland, supported at the expense of the communes, in which the Polish language and history from a Polish point of view were exclusively taught. All these schools have been closed, and the communes and teachers heavily fined. At the same time we hear that thirty-one Polish estates have been put up to auction on account of arrears of taxes. Only Orthodox Russians and Evangelical Germans were allowed to bid for them. Poland is thus still far from being Panslavonicised. This is, probably, one of the reasons why MM. Aksákoff and Jlovayski are about to publish a new Panslavonic journal, to be entitled the *Russian Gazette*.

Bishop Strossmayer has written the following letter to Cardinal Simeoni:—"It is the second time now that the undersigned has asked for instructions to guide his conduct towards the Catholics of his diocese, who are continually asking their bishop for his advice. As he has received no special instructions, and the situation is more critical than ever, inasmuch as a very large number of Bosniaks desire the annexation of their country to Austria, undersigned asks again for instructions, and (*a*) whether he is to follow the current produced by the petitioners; (*b*) whether he is to counsel them, and in what sense; (*c*) whether he is to preserve a passive attitude and leave the Catholics to act as they may think fit; and, finally, (*d*) if he is to intervene, when, and in what manner he is to do so." Both the Pope and Cardinal Simeoni seriously considered the Bishop's application, but were unable to arrive at any decision. Meantime Bishop Strossmayer has been informed by the Curia that he is to act as he thinks best until he receives definite instructions.

Five Protestant clergymen of Würtemberg recently paid a visit to Prince Bismarck at Kissingen. At the interview, Prince Bismarck expressed his great satisfaction that the Government was now strong enough to stand on the defensive in the religious question, and could await the issue of the struggle with equanimity. The Prince was in very good spirits, and conversed freely about the Berlin Synod, Professor Pfleiderer, civil marriage, &c.

"A Conservative," writing in Wednesday's *Times*, endeavours to connect the majority against the Government in Mr. Pigott's case with an old grievance which some two years ago he signalised as likely to lead to the disruption of the party—namely, the undue share in the Administration given to the representatives of counties, and the insignificance of the crumbs that fall to the share of the Conservative borough members. Since he first called attention to the matter, he says, the disproportion has increased instead of being lessened. The place of Lord Henry Lennox, a borough member, has been given to Mr. Noel, a knight of a shire, and the vacancy in the Cabinet has been filled by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who also represents a county. Hence, he affirms, comes the reluctance of the borough members to obey the summons of the whips, three out of four of whom are also county members. "A Conservative" views with alarm the annoyance and discontent spreading through the ranks of the party in consequence of this exclusion of the borough element from office, and foresees a time when the borough representatives will flatly refuse to remain loyal to a Government "which is ruled by a clique, and persistently slights and neglects them." Not being in the party secrets of the Conservatives, we cannot say how much there may be in this grievance. Another Conservative borough member wrote to Thursday's *Times* to deny its existence. However that may be, we doubt whether it is necessary to call in this internal discontent as an explanation of the vote of censure passed on Lord Beaconsfield's exercise of his patronage in the case of Mr. Pigott. The simple explanation of that vote is that on Monday Conservatives as well as Liberals were under the impression that that appointment was a "job."

Mr. A. M. Sullivan must take some steps to undo the effect of his action this week if he wishes to retain the repute which he has acquired for statesmanship and tactical ability. A statesman cannot afford to make the forms of Parliament a medium for a practical joke. At the beginning of the Session Mr. Sullivan obtained leave to introduce a Bill entitled "Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill, for the Regulation of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors in Ireland." In the two previous Sessions he had introduced a Bill with the same title, but it had not been read a second time. This Session July 18 was fixed for the second reading of Mr. Sullivan's Bill, and although he seemed in no hurry to print the measure, its provisions were supposed to be similar to those which he had previously wished to have accepted. But in the interval between February and July there came the discussion of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which had Mr. Sullivan's support. In the course of debate, several of the opponents of the Sunday Closing Bill made a point by saying that if its advocates really wished to reduce the amount of drinking in Ireland, they had much better shut the public-houses on Saturday, when there was much more drinking than on Sunday. Upon this hint Mr. Sullivan transformed his blank Intoxicating Liquors Bill into a Bill for the closing of public-houses in Ireland at seven o'clock on Saturdays. It is a clever retort to his opponents, but it is too much to elaborate a repartee into an impossible Bill, and consume an afternoon of the time of the House in discussing it. If Mr. Sullivan means his Bill seriously, we can only thank him for supplying us with such an excellent illustration of the thin partition which divides the highest form of humour from the highest form of folly. No Saxon has ever proposed such an extreme act of tyranny to the people of Ireland.

A number of Odessa firms, finding that they were quite unable to meet their current obligations towards foreign creditors, have succeeded in obtaining a prolongation of their bills, the interest on which is not to fall due until the termination of the war. This private "moratorium," concluded with the representatives of the creditors who came to Odessa for the purpose, has considerably eased the market, and has probably prevented a serious financial crisis.

It may not be superfluous to state that the British and German consulates were not the only ones that suffered from the bombardment of Rustzuk. The Russian consulate itself was damaged more than any of the others. Of course the *Telegraph* will regard this as another instance of "Muscovite craft."

The stereotyped Russian bulletin—"One Cossack killed"—has given birth to many highly sarcastical remarks; but, as a matter of fact, the phrase offers no larger a field for sarcasm than the fact that twice two make four. The advance-guard of every Cossack reconnaissance is always preceded by two Cossacks at some distance in front. If they meet with the enemy and one is killed, or falls severely wounded, his comrade at once gallops back *ventre à terre* to the head of the column, which, if in superior force, then advances, whilst the enemy retreats; or, if inferior in numbers, falls back, and no engagement follows at all.

There is no chance of the war being localised any longer. The field of operations already extends along the Upper Danube as far as Pesth. Here M. Josef Werner was recently expounding his plans for the annihilation of the Turks to an admiring audience in one of the gardens devoted to the beer and coffee department of the commissariat, and had just completed a chalk sketch on the table of the Danube, Dobrudja, and Balkans, showing how the Russians might be totally

obliterated, when a shell, in the shape of a quart glass, suddenly whizzed past his ear, and exploded against a tree just behind him. Fortunately, there were no casualties; and even the artillerist, a Serb commission agent, managed to effect so rapid a retreat that he escaped the fury of the Russophagian crowd.

The following telegraphic despatch has been forwarded to us for publication. From the graphic style and evident authenticity of the contents, we should almost imagine it to have been intended for an enterprising morning contemporary:—

Yeni Saghra, Monday.

By great good fortune I was present in person at the sanguinary battle just fought here between the heroic Turks and their bloodthirsty assailants. At the beginning of the engagement Liman Pasha was immensely outnumbered. A trustworthy authority estimates that the brutal Muscovite mustered twenty times the strength of the Turks, without reckoning the horde of professional hangmen who always march in rear of the Czar's columns. Nothing could exceed the valour of the brave Osmanlis. Finding himself surrounded, Liman Pasha ordered his troops to fire backwards and forwards, to the right and to the left, alternately. This manœuvre, executed with admirable precision, resulted in immense loss to the enemy, although the Cossacks took a cowardly advantage by dismounting and sheltering themselves behind their steeds. In spite of their heroic resistance, the Turks were beginning to yield before the superior force, when some long lines of friendly fezzes were seen advancing in the distance. It was Raouf Pasha hastening up with his indomitable legions from Adrianople. Hereupon ensued some brilliant tactics on both sides. The Russians faced about to meet the fresh force, and formed a circle, a manœuvre which is a disgrace to modern warfare. Liman Pasha, on the other hand, deployed his squares, while Raouf Pasha, shouting the Ottoman war cry "Allah Bismillah Kismet ki Bhat!" charged home. There was a terrific *mêlée*, but in the end the undaunted pluck of the Turks triumphed, and the pusillanimous invader was hurled back into the Balkans, after suffering prodigious loss. There were few casualties on the Turkish side. The Russian army is already in full retreat upon Moscow.

THE WAR ON THE DANUBE.

The correspondents of some of the foreign journals have at last been permitted to mention, as we stated a fortnight ago, that two bridges are thrown across the Danube at Zimnitza. We are now able to say that two more have been constructed, so that there are four bridges now traversing the Danube between Zimnitza and Turn Magurelli. In addition, a fifth, ordered at Pravatke's, in Galatz, has been completed and sent on to its destination, according to one account to the Roumanians above Widdin, or according to another version to Turn Magurelli, where the I. Corps of the Roumanian army, under General Manu, is now located. The bridges and road from Guetchid to Matchin are also entirely completed, and are used exclusively by the troops and the heavy artillery, of which considerable quantities have passed the river, whilst stores and ammunition are ferried across. In this part of the theatre of war we find that the XIV. Corps, under General Zimmermann, has been followed by several divisions of the I. Corps, who have advanced with their left resting on Babadagh and their right on Hirsova, whilst two or three divisions of the advance-guard of the reserve army have entered Braila to support the advance of General Zimmermann, who has pushed forward beyond Trajan's Walls, and, after occupying Tchernavoda, Medjidie, and Kustendji, is now marching on Bazardjik and threatening simultaneously both Varna and Silistria.

It will be more convenient if we regard this force of General Zimmermann's as the left wing of the Russian army, the centre being formed by the troops echelonned along the line Kalarash-Oltenitza-Giurgevo, whilst the right is composed of the troops that have crossed the Danube at Zimnitza, and are entrusted with the double duty of hemming in the quadrilateral on the west and holding the Balkans on the south, till the whole of northern Bulgaria is swept of Turkish troops from Rustzuk to Widdin, and the moment then arrives for a further passage of the Danube near the Servian frontier. The present right wing will then become the centre, and, protected from any flank attack by Osman Pasha or Abdul Kerim, will be able to continue its advance south of the Balkans.

This is just what we expected would be the case. Long ago we pointed out that the dispositions taken by the Russian commanders showed that their intention was to push the Turks back east and west towards Rustzuk and Widdin, and thus clear the centre of Bulgaria for an advance on the Balkans. The operations have been carried out precisely as though the programme we drew up more than six weeks ago had furnished the basis of the Russian plans. In the west, the advance of General Krüdener to Nicopoli, his Cossacks scouring the country to close upon Rahova (Oreava); in the east, the advance of the right wing on Rustzuk to Obirten and Terstenik, and southwards to Tirnova and the Schibka Pass, fully bear out the accuracy of our views, and the information on which they were based.

Regarded from this point of view, the object of the operations in the Balkans becomes clear. The Turks had provided for the defence of the Schibka Pass, and intended to keep it open for a subsequent attack in conjunction with a corresponding movement of Abdul Kerim's forces westwards, but were surprised and bewildered by the cavalry raid on the railway between Yeni Sagra and Jamboli and the appearance of General Gourko's corps in their rear after his successful passage of the Khanikoi pass. Their confusion was still further heightened by the enemy's appearance in the pass leading from Trjavna to Kezanlik, and whilst forced to divert part of their forces from the defence of the main pass were so weakened as to be unable to oppose the advance of the Russians with any success, and were forced to withdraw through the valley of the Tundja to Slivno.

The position is thus as follows. The field held by the Russians forms a triangle, of which the Danube is the base, the two angles at Nicopoli and Sistova, whilst the apex reaches down to the immediate vicinity of Kezanlik. All now depends on the ability of the Turks to force this position. If Abdul Kerim is strong enough to attack the line Sistova-Kezanlik, whilst Osman Pasha attacks the line Nicopoli-Kezanlik, and Raouf Pasha can hold his ground till Suleiman Pasha or other reinforcements come to his aid and drive back the Russian forces at the apex of the triangle, the further progress of the Russians may be considerably delayed. But it is very doubtful indeed whether the Turks are in a position even partially to carry out such a movement. The forces at and near Rustzuk and Rasgrad are kept in check by the Russian forces between the Yantra and the Lom in the west, and by the troops north of the Danube between Giurgevo and Oltenitza. It is true that the fortress and forts of Rustzuk may be pitted against the forces on the Danube, which would leave the field-army between Rustzuk and Rasgrad free to operate against the Russian position on the Yantra, but it does not appear that this section of the Turkish army —the right wing—is above 25,000 to 30,000 strong, whilst the Russians have at least 50,000 to 60,000 to oppose them. The centre, at Schumla, labours under the disadvantage of having to present a double front westwards towards the Tirnova-Kezanlik position of the Russians and eastwards towards the Dobrudja corpsi advancing under General Zimmermann, whilst at the same time it has to support the Rustzuk army. Still the quadrilateral might be left to occupy General Zimmermann's forces, which would set the Turkish left wing free. As far as we can understand the very contradictory accounts regarding the position and numbers of the field-troops under Abdul Kerim, it would appear that the garrisons of Rustzuk and Silistria, as well as of Varna, are very small indeed, every man not absolutely necessary for the defence having been withdrawn to swell the forces under Abdul Kerim. Thus the left wing appears to be massed between Schumla, Osman

Bazar, and Kazan (Kotel) commanding the Demir Kapu, and the very difficult pass that leads from Chalikavak to Karnabat, and connects the position at Schumla with the plains of the Tundja, which form a triangle between Slivno, Jamboli, and Karnabat. A strong offensive movement by the centre at Schumla, north of the Balkans, and by the left wing, south of the Balkans, supporting Raouf Pasha and whatever reinforcement he may receive, might be productive of success. In fact, the movement is so self-evidently to be recommended, that we very much doubt that the Russians have crossed the Balkans in such force as has been represented, in contradiction to our own information. To believe this we are asked to admit that the Russians have allowed themselves to be split up in a number of isolated corps, as in Armenia, and to run the risk we have pointed out in the above description of having their flank attacked both north and south of the Balkans. We think it will be found that the advance south of the Balkans is merely a demonstration intended to serve as a screen for the operations conducted to secure the Schibka Pass, and that Kezanlik will be made the *tête-du-pont* of the Balkans, just as Sistova is the *tête-du-pont* on the Danube. Not until the power of the Turks is completely broken in northern Bulgaria do we expect to hear of an advance in force southwards, unless indeed political considerations prevail, which, of course, removes the question from the military field.

In the west, the position is very similar. General Krüdener is gradually stretching towards Widdin, supported by the Russo-Roumanian forces at Turn Magurelli and Nicopoli, under Generals Stolopini and Manu, whilst Osman Pasha is hampered by the fear of the Roumanians and Servians crossing the frontier west of Widdin.

We do not think that there is anything more to be said regarding the military position. Summed up, our opinion is that the Russians have kept well together, and have not extended their lines to the extent generally represented. If they have, they have either committed a grave error, or the military question is being influenced by political considerations.

Much has recently been written about the frauds in the Russian commissiarat, the bad health of the Russian troops, &c. But the information we have received on this head does not at all tally with such reports, and is moreover confirmed from a source peculiarly qualified to form a correct opinion on the subject. Two days after the declaration of war the Russian Commander-in-Chief concluded a contract with Messrs. Horovitz, Greger, and Co., who, after paying a sum of 1,000,000 roubles as guarantee for the fulfilment of the contract, undertook to furnish the whole of the Russian army in Roumania with all necessary supplies at cost price plus a commission of 10 per cent., the Russian Government paying in paper money at the current rate of exchange. But as Messrs. Horovitz and Greger have to make their payments in Roumania in gold, they have concluded arrangements with the firms of Messrs. Raffalovich and Co. and Messrs. Rodocanachi of Odessa, and the International Bank of St. Petersburg, who have undertaken to cash the Russian paper in gold. Since the entry of the army into Roumania, Messrs. Horovitz and Co. have already supplied the Russian commissariat with about ten million roubles' worth of provisions, &c. There were at first some difficulties in procuring a sufficient amount of forage; but the crops have been very rich this year in Roumania, and the supply now is ample. Besides the ordinary means of transport with which the army is provided, the Russian Government has engaged 7,500 waggons for the conveyance of stores from Roumania into Bulgaria; and, in addition, have concluded a contract for the construction of a line from Bender to Galatz—a distance of 238 versts. The line is to be ready for the transport of troops and ammunition within three months, or, reckoning from to-day, in ten weeks. The construction of the stations and termini are not included in this term.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR.

The operations in Asia Minor have for the last week consisted in a series of marches and counter-marches, retreats and advances, that still leave it very doubtful as to which of the contending Powers is in the worst position. That the situation of both armies is the reverse of reassuring either for the authorities at Constantinople or those at St. Petersburg appears very plain. The Russian commanders are accused, as always is the case when a plan has been unsuccessful, of dissensions amongst themselves, the chief blame in the present instance being cast upon Loris Melikoff. Of him it is said that his abilities, great as they may be, lack the firmness and solidity that characterises the Russian. His appointment is considered a failure by the Russians at large, and rumour says that his nomination to the post occurred in opposition to the opinion of the Grand Duke Michael; but that it was considered politic at St. Petersburg to entrust the command of the army in Armenia to an Armenian, whose descent and prestige might well be relied on to inspire the Armenians of Turkey with confidence, and at the same time please the Russian Armenians. If so, this is not the first time—nor will it be the last—that diplomacy has spoiled a campaign. But it must be remembered that these are the comments of the Russian people and Russian society, which know not half as much of the actual state of affairs in the Caucasus and Armenia as is known in London. So far the position seems to be that both armies are preparing for a decisive blow, which will be all the more crushing, as both combatants have staked their all upon the issue. The Russians still hold their position—the only one they ever thoroughly occupied—on the heights north of Kars and on the left bank of the Kars River, their rear being protected from any attack from Batoum by the forces at Ardahan and by the corps of General Oklobschio. Mukhtar Pasha has taken up a position in which Kars forms its centre, his left wing still holding the northern defiles of the Soghanlu Dagh in order to guard against any flank attack of the Russians. His right and headquarters are now at Khalif-Oghlu, east of Kars. Probably the attack will be commenced by whichever side obtains the first reinforcements. And in all likelihood the combat will be decisive—the Turks driven into Kars, or the Russians across the frontier. The former appears to us far more likely for several reasons, one of which is the greater ease with which the Russians can obtain supplies, reinforcements, and ammunition. They are close to their base of operations, and Mukhtar Pasha is dangerously near to it, whilst far removed from his own base, which is naturally Erzeroum, unless, indeed, his troops feed on the provisions in Kars, a supposition that resembles too much the story of the goose with the golden eggs to be admitted.

Regarding the position of Ardahan, we hear that the commandant, Colonel Komaroff, has orders to hold the place to the last man. The garrison numbers 4,000 men with 90 guns, and provisions for a period of eight or nine months. The town is protected on the north, west, and east by seven forts and minor works. On the south it was comparatively unprotected; but since the Russians have had possession of the place they have greatly strengthened it in all directions, and connected the isolated forts by a series of breastworks, glacis, &c. Colonel Komaroff is a highly intelligent and energetic soldier, who in case of need would be able to turn Ardahan into a second Sebastopol.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. PIGOTT.

Was it on purpose that Lord Beaconsfield reserved the chief facts in this case for his own speech in the House of Lords? One could hardly help believing it, were it not for the consideration that if the Government had not been defeated on Monday, Lord Beaconsfield would not have been called upon to make a speech. Something much less than his elaborate statement of the whole case, which must be ranked among the most

brilliant of his oratorical efforts, and is a convincing proof of unabated power, would have sufficed to avert the vote of censure in the Commons. He had only to communicate to Sir Stafford Northcote the facts which, with his accustomed skill, he reserved for the close of his defence on Thursday. The gravamen of the indictment preferred by Mr. Holms lay not in the slight that had been apparently offered to the recommendation of a Select Committee, but in the supposed circumstance that Mr. Pigott owed his appointment less to his own abilities than to his personal relations with Lord Beaconsfield. If Lord Beaconsfield had put his lieutenant in the Lower House in possession of the facts necessary for dissipating this supposition, there cannot be a doubt that Mr. Holms's resolution would not have been carried.

There may have been in the House of Commons a feeling that it was doubtful policy to pick out a man who stood sixty-ninth on the list of War Office clerks, and appoint him over the heads of his fellow civil servants to a post which has been called "the Deanery of the Civil Service." There certainly was a feeling that a promotion apparently so high-handed required some explanation, the production of convincing evidence that Mr. Pigott had some other qualification for the post than merely being sixty-ninth on the list of War Office clerks. But the House would not have censured Lord Beaconsfield for neglecting to appoint to the office a decayed stationer. They would even have been prepared, we may assume, to accept with due reservation the principle that "when the head of a department retires or is promoted, it is not desirable that as a matter of course his successor should be found among his subordinates." They probably believe with Lord Beaconsfield, as a general principle, that the promotion of subordinates "as a matter of course" "would lead to obsolete routine and a supine system of administration which it is not desirable to encourage." And they could not have been insensible to the consideration that the waste at the Stationery Office, which Mr. Rowland Winn had done so much to correct, gave a reasonable excuse, or even made an imperative demand, for the infusion of new blood, in the public interest. The recommendations of the Select Committee did not suggest to the House, much less bind the House to hold as articles of faith, either that a practical stationer should be appointed to the Controllership of the Stationery Office, or that a vacancy should necessarily be filled up from among the subordinates.

What the Select Committee really had in view was the abolition of the controllership as a sinecure. The gist of their recommendation was that some capable man should be appointed to the post, who should devote his time and energy to its duties. There used to be a good many sinecures of this sort which an active man might look forward to as a reward for literary and other services in politics. If he received his reward while he had yet working power left in him he might employ the leisure thus provided in following his particular taste or trade, making learned investigations, or writing popular biographies or sensational dramas, while he was nominally in charge of some heavy department of public business. The Controllership of the Stationery Office used to be one of these prizes, and was held as such by Mr. W. R. Greg, who went to his office for an hour or two in the afternoon to sign cheques, money orders, and such like documents, and employed the chief part of his time, with admirable consistency, in penning denunciations of working-men for trifling over the work for which they were paid. It was a wasteful way of rewarding political services and subsidising literary activity, if it is the case that when the control which Mr. Greg did not exercise was assumed by the Treasury and Mr. Rowland Winn a saving of 45,000*l.* a-year was at once effected in the expenses of the department. It was against this kind of wasteful sinecure that the Select Committee directed their report. There was no insult to them, no disregard of their advice, in appointing Mr. Pigott to the office, although he was a young man, and sixty-ninth on the list of War Office clerks, if he was a man of proved capacity, and likely to give an energetic supervision to the details of the department. The persons aggrieved, if there was any grievance, were those who had been passed by in Mr. Pigott's favour; and if he was the best available man, this was not a grievance to which the Executive were under any obligation to give heed. A man of fresh mind could soon learn all the necessary technicalities of stationery and printing, under the instruction of duly qualified and trustworthy subordinates. It was not indispensable to the efficient discharge of his duties that he should be able to make chemical analyses of different inks, or to go straight into the stationery market unadvised and get the best possible paper at the lowest price. The real objection to the appointment lay in the belief that it was not because he had a fresh mind that Mr. Pigott was appointed to the Controllership of the Stationery Office, but because he was the son of the vicar of Hughenden. The appointment accordingly could have been defended without the elaborate dissertation on the principles of such appointments with which Lord Beaconsfield charmed the Upper House on Thursday. If he had only put into Sir Stafford Northcote's hands the following statements about his relations with Mr. Pigott's father, the House of Commons would have had no alternative between exonerating him and doubting his word. "It has been said, in an assembly almost as classical as that which I am addressing, that this appointment was a 'job,' that the father of Mr. Pigott was the parson of my parish, that I had relations of long and intimate friendship with him, that he busied himself in county elections, and that in my earlier contests in the county with which I am connected I was indebted to his exertions. My lords, this is really a romance. Thirty years ago there was a vicar of my parish of the name of Pigott, and he certainly was father to this gentleman. He did not owe his preferment to me, nor was he ever under any obligation to me. Shortly after I succeeded to that property Mr. Pigott gave up his living and retired to a distant county. I have never had any relations with him. With regard to our intimate friendship and his electioneering assistance, all I know of his interference in county elections is that before he departed from the county of Buckingham he registered his vote against me. And, my lords, it is the truth—it may surprise you, but it is the truth—that I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Pigott, who was appointed to this office the other day. I do not know him even by sight."

Mr. Pigott has sent in his resignation with a promptitude which does him credit, and Lord Beaconsfield, in the close of his speech, made an eloquent appeal to the House of Commons to take some action which would show that they had passed their resolution under a misapprehension, and enable Mr. Pigott to retain his appointment. Either Lord Beaconsfield or Sir Stafford Northcote is very much to blame for allowing the House to retain this misapprehension a moment after it was known to be entertained. Although it was the cardinal fact in the indictment, Sir Stafford dismissed it in a single sentence, and that sentence was of such a nature as to confirm rather than allay suspicion. "Great stress," Sir Stafford said, "had been laid on the fact that Mr. Pigott was the son of a former vicar of Hughenden, but Lord Beaconsfield knew little of him personally, though he had often been brought under his notice as a rising man and an able public servant, who had been employed from time to time in matters above those committed to ordinary civil servants." This is not verbally inconsistent with Lord Beaconsfield's statement that he never had any relations with Mr. Pigott's father, and did not know Mr. Pigott even by sight; but it certainly conveys a different impression. What Sir Stafford said still left us with the unanswered question, "Why had Mr. Pigott been brought so often under Lord Beaconsfield's notice, and why had he been employed in matters above those committed to ordinary civil servants?" For the matter of that, Lord Beaconsfield's statements, strong as they are, also leave these questions unanswered, and perhaps it

would be better that they should be answered before the House of Commons declares that it censured the Government under a misapprehension. If Mr. Pigott's opportunities of distinction, and his final promotion, have been due to some influence besides his abilities, even though that influence has not been local neighbourhood or political services to Lord Beaconsfield, his appointment still affords reasonable ground of dissatisfaction to the other members of the Civil Service. It should be kept clearly in view that the public were not likely to suffer directly from Mr. Pigott's appointment, if he were a man of ability, but indirectly through the discontent caused by his promotion out of his turn; and that the Government should not be exonerated unless they can show reasonable ground for believing that Mr. Pigott owed his exceptional rise purely to his exceptional ability.

EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY IN INDIA.

A telegram informs us that the Envoy Extraordinary about to be sent to the Ameer of Afghanistan by the Sultan has been received in special audience, and that the Sultan had instructed him to advise the Ameer to strengthen his relations with Great Britain, and to avoid entering into any relations with Russia. This is good news. We only trust that the Ameer of Afghanistan will be different to the majority of human beings, and benefit by the advice offered to him. The Ameer at present is not in a happy frame of mind towards the English. It is pretty well known in India that during the conference at Peshawur the Envoy of the Ameer not only evaded the propositions pressed upon him, but formulated certain complaints against ourselves, and these complaints had a remarkably ugly look of genuineness about them. The Ameer was very much disturbed by our occupation of Quettah. He regards our presence in Baluchistan as a direct menace to Kandahar, and it naturally makes him very suspicious of our professions that we have no desire to extend our boundaries. Lord Lawrence, in his speech in a recent debate, remarked that "a circumstance calculated to change the policy of the Ameer was the occupation of Khelat. The occupation was a challenge to the Afghans." Lord Lawrence is not yet in his dotage, and it may be presumed that he knows as much about Afghan politics as a Viceroy fresh from Europe or any Bombay Staff Corps officer. No one can deny the great strategical value of Quettah. There is a great deal to be said in favour of our having a stronghold in Southern Afghanistan. But it must also be remembered that there was this drawback to the occupation of Quettah. It was hardly a wise step if we intended to cultivate friendly relations with the ruler of Afghan.

Our present unsatisfactory relations with the Ameer of Afghan is the triumph of European diplomacy over local experience. But the whole blame must not be put on the shoulders of Lord Lytton. He had to perform a herculean task. He had to carry out that vague thing of which the world hears so much and sees so little—the masterly activity of the Conservatives in foreign politics. In Europe this masterly activity was shown by sending the fleet to Besika Bay and recalling it. In India it has been displayed in the conference at Peshawur. Great results were expected from this conference. It was to accomplish all that Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook had failed to do. A striking and effective step was to be taken before the world at large, and the Indian public in particular. A few eloquent despatches, and a few minutes of soft silver speech were to unravel the tangled skein of Afghan politics. What has been the result? The Marquis of Salisbury, in the House of Lords, said that "we have not tried to force an envoy upon the Ameer of Cabul." No doubt it is perfectly true that we have not tried *to force* an envoy upon him, but it is perfectly well known and understood in India that the right of the Government of India to have a Resident at Cabul, and the right to appoint agents throughout the Ameer's territories, was that which the Viceroy had most at heart. But that was exactly what the ruler of Cabul was most unwilling to grant. He is an independent sovereign, and naturally wishes to remain so. He knows exactly what an English Resident at an Oriental Court means. He also knows that an English Resident at Cabul would require British troops to protect his life. The grave question arises, would we be prepared to send a force to protect our envoy. The late Lord Strangford was right when he said that he pitied the first stranger in Afghanistan.

We are told that the conference was a great diplomatic triumph, because we have freed ourselves from all unreciprocated liabilities. This, in plain English, no doubt means that we do not consider ourselves bound by the previous treaties made with the Ameer. But it is hard to believe that all the previous treaties were solely to his advantage, and that we gained nothing by them. This would prove an amount of stupidity on the part of those who drew them up which it is impossible to credit. Lord Canning and Lord Mayo were not exactly fools. It would be well if some member of the House of Commons would find out what treaties are now considered binding between the British Government and the Ameer. We should then be able to judge of the exact value of the diplomatic triumphs gained at Peshawur. The Latin proverb avers that everything gains in magnitude by being unknown.

There is much sense in the argument which denies the very existence of a Cabul question. Of all the nonsense talked by people supposed to be sane, that which would represent the British rule in India as in danger, present or prospective, from destruction by a Russian invasion, is perhaps the most idiotic. A man of ordinary intelligence who looks at a map ought to see that for himself. But it is equally foolish for a moment to suppose that Russian advance in Asia cannot injure the welfare and even the safety of our Indian Empire. Russia can make promises. We cannot. Russia can intrigue at our native Courts, and Russian agents can spread the leaven of discontent among the uninstructed masses of the Indian public. The popular native impression about the respective powers of England and Russia is of the gravest importance. We must not let the natives for a moment suppose that we are afraid that our power in India can be seriously menaced by the Russians. But an over-anxiety with regard to the affairs of Afghan is liable to foster this supposition in the native mind. It is right that we should let the ruler of Afghan know that we seriously mean to preserve the independence of his kingdom, but it is also right to let him know that we no longer intend to let him play us off against Russia. We must also make him aware of the fact that, if we desert him, he has much to fear both from domestic as well as external enemies. It is no doubt highly desirable that a British envoy should be established in the dominions of the Ameer, to keep the British Government informed of any serious domestic and foreign complications. But Lord Lytton underrated the practical difficulties of carrying out this policy. It is no use beginning diplomatic negotiations with an Oriental despot, unless you are prepared, when they fail, to take definite steps which might entail serious consequences and responsibilities. It is not wise to mass troops in the neighbourhood of an independent State when you are conducting delicate negotiations with it, because they are apt to be regarded by a foolish Oriental despot as a menace. There is little doubt that every officer of experience of the North-West frontier, whether in England or India, regards the late conference as anything but a triumph. Unfortunately, Lord Lytton is unwilling to ask an opinion lest it should be contrary to his own. He has a supreme contempt for local experiences. But every Indian statesman who wishes to be great or successful must learn not to despise or to be led by local knowledge, but how to utilise it. It is impossible to rule a mighty Empire with its thousand interests and infinite responsibilities in accordance with theories alone.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONEERING IN FRANCE.

The traveller who leaves Paris for some quiet little village in France is at first greatly astonished at the profound calm which meets him at the end of his journey. It seems as if there had been no dissolution, as if no elections were imminent, as if nothing had happened to endanger the Liberal institutions of the country. He sees no bookshops with their doors and windows filled with journals and grotesque caricatures of the Ministers or the chiefs of the Opposition; he seeks in vain for the kiosques besieged in the morning by workmen, in the evening by men of business, buying their daily paper. Political life seems entirely absent. If he talks to a peasant or a merchant, they are afraid to compromise themselves, and return an evasive answer to any question as to the probable result of the elections in their district. Nevertheless, it is in the country that we must search for a solution of the political problem which is at present weighing upon France. The vote of the large towns is known beforehand; what it is of chief importance to know in the meantime is how the country electors will vote—those sturdy constituencies so difficult to enlighten, so suspicious of everything that comes from town, and in particular of the Parisian.

The problem is complicated; there are so many diverse elements in the struggle, so many opposing influences at work. Which will carry the day—the Administration, supported in a large number of the provinces by the influence of the great landowners, who already under the Empire voted always with the Opposition; or the Republicans, whom the Ministry is endeavouring to force out of their respect for the law? If it were the senatorial elections, it would perhaps be possible to say two months in advance what the result would be. One knows, in short, who are to be the electors; their opinions are known in advance; one has only to sum up the votes attached to the Republic and the votes on the other side. But for the Chamber of Deputies the election is by universal suffrage; and the mass of the people, especially in the country, are still very ignorant. They are not governed by reasons that can be calculated, but by impulses, blind movements, of which it is impossible to determine in advance the direction and the force. It is ordinarily in the last days of the electoral campaign that the spirit developes itself which in the end proves victorious. At present it is only possible to state the efforts made by the two parties to draw into their respective camps the country elector, the small peasant proprietor, the electoral unit familiarly known as "Jacques Bonhomme."

The nobles before the Revolution had a proverb which served as their main rule of life in their dealings with the peasant:—"Oignez vilain, il vous poindra; poignez vilain, il vous oindra" "Flatter a churl, he will beat you; beat a churl, he will flatter you." The present Ministry seem to be acting on this principle. They wish to make France march, and they are persuaded that a force of eighty prefects, conducted by a resolute Minister, is sufficient to revive the striking success which official candidature obtained under the Empire. Already the work of the Government officials is commenced. The names of the candidates whom the Marshal will honour with his patronage are, it is true, not yet known; but M. de Fourtou has taken upon himself alone the task and the honour of choosing from among the numerous aspirants those who are to receive the stamp of the Administration. He does not want to receive any advice, to consult any local committee. It is at Paris, strange to say, that he is settling the candidatures which will have to be sustained at the Alpine frontier, or in the mountainous centre of France. The prefects have nothing to do but to transmit to the Minister the information which he demands of them, to prepare the peasants to accept the choice of the Government, whatever it may be, and to put every obstacle in the way of Republican electioneering. The last is the most difficult part of their task, and also that upon which they will spend most ingenuity, labour, and eloquence.

In a country like France, where the right of public meeting—the liberty of the platform, as it may be called—dates from yesterday, and has not yet taken root among the customs of the people, the means of electoral agitation reduce themselves to two—journals or pamphlets, and conversation in the cabarets. We need not count the clubs, which are not very numerous, and which besides exist in towns where the Government can do little to annoy the electors. It is, then, against the Republican journals, and the cabarets held and frequented by Republicans, that all the zeal of M. de Fourtou's agents is directed. To suppress a journal is not an easy thing. The judgment of a tribunal is necessary, and although the magistrate may be bound hand and foot to the Government, the sentence must have a semblance of reason behind it. Now the journals are extremely cautious, and know very well that moderation rather than excess will give the victory to their party. Besides, if a magistrate has suspended a journal for two months, nothing prevents it in the interval from appearing under another title; it is thus that the *Droits de l'Homme* and the *Radical* are, under two different names, the same corporation of journalists. It pays better, therefore, to prevent the sale of journals than to proscribe them. They have found a means of bringing the law to bear on the sellers of journals, by straining it so as to identify them with the hawkers who carry their goods from door to door. A seller of journals is reckoned a colporteur if he delivers the journal to his customers, and the prefects refuse to give their authorisation to all who have the intention of selling the organs of the Republican party. In some departments the illegality of this measure is so flagrant that the merchants take no account of the prohibition of the prefects, and continue to send their journals to their clients as if nothing had happened. The Administration hesitate to seize the journals, but they have adopted a singular expedient. At this moment the harvest weather is so fine, and the work so urgent, that all able-bodied men, except those who have sedentary employment in the towns, are engaged in the fields. The merchants who receive the journals from Paris or other centres are thus obliged to send them out by children, an arrangement which, if less satisfactory, has the advantage of being cheaper. In several departments the ingenious prefects have ordered that henceforth this function shall be discharged only by grown-up men! They have not gained much by this annoying decree, for immediately the Republicans subscribed to pay the merchants the difference between adult and child labour; but it is a sample at once of their ingenuity and of the petty shifts to which they are driven.

As regards the cabarets we could hardly believe what we hear, were it not that it is guaranteed by good authority. The Administration sends to the principal cafés or tobacco-shops where Republicans are in the habit of meeting certain emissaries to provoke the *habitués* of the establishment by jests or insults. Their business is to raise a dispute, and on the back of that a quarrel, upon which the commissary of police sends a report to the prefect, and the prefect closes the house.

One can understand that this attack on the part of the magistrates who represent the law meets on the part of the Republicans with a determined resistance. To put a stop to the illegitimate prohibitions invented by the Minister or the prefects, the Republicans have recourse to two means. The first will probably be inefficacious; the second can hardly fail to succeed, but will cost a good deal more money. They have instituted at Paris a commission of very eminent lawyers. Among them MM. Crémieux and Jules Favre, have been Ministers. M. J. Sénard is a Life Senator, and has occupied in the magistracy the considerable post of Procureur-General in the Court of Appeal. M. Mimerel is yet a young man, but he is considered certain of a place in the Supreme Court. Not to mention others, M. Denier is one of the most celebrated *avocats* in Paris; he, as well as M. Mimerel, holds himself carefully apart from political strife. One may, then, say that this commission of lawyers is the very embodiment of French law in its best qualities of logic, good sense, and liberalism. Now it has already given three legal opinions—

on the colportage, on the liberty of sale in bookshops, and on the right of wine-merchants to keep their licenses in spite of the prefects. The moral effect of these opinions has been considerable. The tribunals have already adopted the interpretation of the law which they support, and in spite of the clamours of the Conservative journals the Administration seems to reflect on the consequences of its acts. But it is necessary to say also that the good words may remain without fruit unless some Hampden arises in the provinces to oppose legality to illegality, and not to be frightened by the threat of a Government prosecution. Up to the present this Hampden has not been revealed. The merchants have the habit of fearing the Administration, so few years separate them from the summary proceedings of the Empire.

The Republicans are well aware of this timidity on the part of the merchants, and they have devised another combination. Private committees have been formed in large numbers in Paris. They are in communication with their friends in the provinces, who send them copious lists of the influential electors, of the wine-merchants, and the tobacco-vendors whose shops are the resort of any considerable number of Republicans. These names are divided into two principal categories. The names comprised in the first list are those to whom they send the evening journals bought and read by the members of the Committee and their friends. The names comprised in the second list are sent to the Republican journals with sums of money amounting to about two francs a person, and in return they receive direct from the office the numbers of the evening journal that have not been sold, that which is technically called "le bouillon." In this way Republican journals are extensively circulated in the country. The peasant, naturally of an economical turn, is enchanted at receiving a paper for nothing, and flattered at receiving it from M. Gambetta, M. Thiers, &c. He reads it and passes it on to his friends, and thus public opinion is gradually enlightened. The Conservatives, it ought to be said, admire and envy this organisation rather than imitate it. The force of custom, upon which they depend, is more powerful than a simple sheet of paper. They have also the Administration and the police. But the peasant may not this time be so docile to the instructions of his masters. The harvest will be good this year; there will be plenty of money in the country; consequently, the workmen of the small towns and the small proprietors will feel themselves more independent in the face of their patron or territorial grand seigneur. They will listen less to the interested advice of the defenders of the Administration than to their own proper interest, and if the Republicans can prove to them that it is on the side of M. Thiers that the chances of victory lie, they will leave the Marshal to wave in vain a flag which nobody will follow.

THE CENSORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

In the new German magazine, *Nord und Süd*, Herr von Waldeck gives an amusing account of the censorship in Russia as it existed under Nicholas I. A number of censors were employed at the post-office, whose duty consisted in marking the objectionable passages in the foreign journals, which were then stamped out with a layer of printer's ink, so that when the subscriber got his paper it presented very chequered reading indeed. Means were, however, discovered of removing this veil without obliterating the incriminated passage, and the authorities were forced to employ a fresh mixture of colour, which defied all attempts to remove it. It was, however, the censorship as applied to books and home journals that most tried the patience of author and reader. Thus the Dorpat censor, De la Croix, took great umbrage at a passage in a statistical work which stated that "the Cossacks ride on little, insignificant horses." "Little" and "insignificant" were words he considered derogatory to the dignity of anything belonging to the Russian Empire, so he struck them out, leaving the astonishing news that "the Cossacks ride on horses." In an article on "Learned Women," the Polish journalist Liebalt began with the sentence:—"There are some things which, like a couple of rough-hewn blocks, do not fit together. To such things we must add Woman and Learning." The censor Herr von Peucker struck out the whole of this sentence because Catherine II., having been a learned woman, the author thus indirectly asserted that Her Majesty of blessed memory was a rough-hewn block also. During the Crimean War an account was given of the famine in some Swedish provinces. The censor allowed this article to pass with the exception of one word—Swedish—which was altered into "French," inasmuch as the Russians were then at war with France, but at peace with Sweden. In an article on Italy, the words "O sanctissima dulcis virgo Maria," were struck out with the observation that the censor was not obliged to censorise Italian! On another occasion Herr von Peucker struck out the whole of an article from the *Invalide Russe*, replying to the editorial remonstrances by writing on the proof-sheet the words, *naprassnoye mnogosslowiye* (unprofitable gabble)! Herr von Waldeck, however, admits that things have changed very much for the better since the accession of the present Czar; and that if some restrictions have been reimposed lately, the Press has its own reckless conduct to thank for it.

Herr von Waldeck's opinion as to the comparative leniency of the censorship now is confirmed by an examination of the passages which have been struck out of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's book on Russia. Considering the freedom with which Mr. Wallace has spoken of all things Russian, we were very curious to see how his book would fare at the hands of the censor, and it must be admitted that that official has been as tolerant as such an official could easily be if he were to interfere with the text at all. Nearly all the passages obliterated contain uncomplimentary remarks either about the present Czar or his father Nicholas, and are of a nature that despotic Governments might well consider seditious and calculated to excite disaffection. In the first volume the only chapter upon which the censor has put his black finger is that dealing with the Imperial Administration and the officials. Thus at p. 313 Mr. Wallace has been allowed to tell some very plain truths about the corruption of officials, but the following sentence has been deleted:—

> The Tsar, indeed, might do much towards exposing and punishing offenders, if he could venture to call in public opinion to his assistance, but in reality he is very apt to become a party to the system of hushing up official delinquencies.

No censor could expect to retain his post who allowed such an accusation against the Government to pass his office. At p. 314 Mr. Wallace is permitted to say that "no individual, even though he should be the Autocrat of all the Russias, can so case himself in the armour of official dignity as to be completely proof against personal influences." But the patience of the censor stops there, and he deletes the two sentences which follow:—

> The severity of autocrats is reserved for political offenders, against whom they naturally harbour a feeling of personal resentment. It is so much easier for us to be lenient and charitable towards a man who sins against public morality, than towards one who sins against our own interests!

In Mr. Wallace's second volume the chief excisions are made from the chapter on "The Crimean War and its Consequences," in which he gives an account of the dissatisfaction felt throughout the country at the defeat of the Russian armies. Mr. Wallace speaks very frankly of the Absolutism which was the cause of this disaster, and a very stringent censorship, such as existed under Nicholas, would have taken out the whole chapter, but now all but a few passages have been allowed to stand. Some of the historian's remarks upon the late Czar have apparently been considered too free. Thus at page 201 the censor has taken exception to the following passage:—

> Nicholas has been called the Don Quixote of Autocracy, and the comparison which the term implies is true in many points. By

character and aims he belonged to a time that had long passed away; but failure and mishap could not shake his faith in his ideal, and made no change in his honest, stubborn nature, which was as loyal and chivalresque as that of the ill-fated knight of La Mancha. In spite of all evidence to the contrary, he believed in the practical omnipotence of autocracy. He imagined that as his authority was theoretically unlimited, so his power could work miracles. By nature and training a soldier, he considered government a slightly modified form of military discipline, and looked on the nation as an army which might be made to perform any intellectual or economic evolutions that he might see fit to command. All social ills seemed to him the consequence of disobedience to his orders, and he knew only one remedy—more discipline. Any expression of doubt as to the wisdom of his policy, or any criticism of existing regulations, he treated as an act of insubordination which a wise sovereign ought not to tolerate.

All this is forbidden reading to the loyal Russian subject. At page 210, again, it seems to have been thought that Mr. Wallace's description of the prevailing dissatisfacton in 1856 was too dangerous a reawakening of old memories:—

This deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction was not allowed to appear in the Press, but it found very free expression in the manuscript literature and in conversation. In almost every house—I mean, of course, among the educated classes—words were spoken which a few months before would have seemed treasonable, if not blasphemous. Philippics and satires in prose and verse were written by the dozen, and circulated in hundreds of copies. A pasquil on the Commander-in-Chief, or a tirade against the Government, was sure to be eagerly read and warmly approved of.

In this chapter Mr. Wallace gives a translation of a tirade against the Government, circulated soon after the Crimean War, but never printed, as an illustration of the public opinion of the time. Most of it has been authorised, but the following impassioned appeal to the Czar has been struck out:—

Awake, O Russia! Devoured by foreign enemies, crushed by slavery, shamefully oppressed by stupid authorities and spies, awaken from your long sleep of ignorance and apathy! You have been long enough held in bondage by the successors of the Tartar Khan. Stand forward calmly before the throne of the despot, and demand from him an account of the national disaster. Say to him boldly that his throne is not the altar of God, and that God did not condemn us to be slaves. Russia entrusted to you, O Tsar, the supreme power, and you were as a god upon earth. And what have you done? Blinded by ignorance and passion, you have lusted after power and have forgotten Russia. You have spent your life in reviewing troops, in modifying uniforms, and in appending your signature to the legislative projects of ignorant charlatans. You created the despicable race of Press-censors, in order to sleep in peace—in order not to know the wants and not to hear the groans of the people—in order not to listen to Truth. You buried Truth, rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, placed a strong guard over it, and said in the pride of your heart: For her there is no resurrection! But the third day has dawned, and Truth has arisen from the dead.

Stand forward, O Tsar, before the judgment-seat of history and of God! You have mercilessly trampled Truth under foot; you have denied Freedom; you have been the slave of your own passions. By your pride and obstinacy you have exhausted Russia and raised the world in arms against us. Bow down before your brethren and humble yourself in the dust! Crave pardon and ask advice! Throw yourself into the arms of the people! There is now no other salvation!

We cannot wonder that the censor should suppress this in a country where there is any restriction upon the freedom of the Press.

The censor has evidently all a courtier's care not to let anything pass that would wound the feelings even where it could hardly be expected to shake the authority of the Czar. Thus, at p. 309, where Mr. Wallace is attributing the credit of the emancipation of the serfs to the personal influence of the Czar, he remarks that "had the Czar not shown a decision and energy of which no one believed him to be capable, the solution would have been indefinitely postponed." The censor has intimated his belief in the Emperor's decision and energy by obliterating these words.

Next to the Emperor's dignity, nothing can be dearer to a censorship than its own. Therefore we cannot be surprised that the following exclamations in the translation to which we have referred should be sternly excised.

A stable-boy became Press-censor! an Imperial fool became admiral!! Kleinmichel became a count!!! In a word, the country was handed over to the tender mercies of a band of robbers.

A short passage reflecting on the gendarmerie has shared the same fate. But the censorship must be admitted to have shown great toleration to Mr. Wallace's book. It is a curious fact, too, that while these passages have been expunged from the English version of the book it is allowed to circulate intact in a French version. This is a curious oversight, for French is much more widely read in Russia than English.

SUBMARINE CANNON.

If any enthusiastic inventors, inspired by the success of Captain Nemo's weapon, as described in Jules Verne's 'Vingt mille lieues sous a Mer,' should be wasting their brains and their substance in trying to make the imaginary weapon a reality, the account given by Major-General Uchatius of his experiences in this direction may perhaps be of some benefit to them. General Uchatius, the inventor of the new Austrian field-piece, was curious to know whether the barrel of a gun would be able to resist not only the pressure of the column of water in the barrel itself, but also the pressure of the body of water above the point at which the gun is immersed; and, if the barrel resists this pressure, to find out what the velocity of the projectile, and what its penetrating power, would be. The experiment was made with a common Werndl rifle, which was loaded under water and fired by a string attached to the trigger at a target of one-inch plank. The explosion was scarcely audible at a distance of fifty yards, the only visible effect being the rising of a few bubbles of smoke. The effect produced by the bullet on the target was very curious. At a distance of 1·5 mètre no impression at all was produced; at 1·25 mètre, the plank was indented to the depth of 3–4 millimètres, whilst at a distance of 1 mètre it was pierced clean through. Thus the slight difference of 0·5 mètre furnished the range between no impression at all upon the target and piercing it completely, so that the whole velocity of the projectile was consumed by a layer of water 1·5 mètre thick. Thirty shots were fired without any injury either to the barrel or the breech. Experiments were then tried with an army-revolver. At 1 mètre distant the target was not touched; at 0·75 an impression of 4–6 millimètres was produced; at 0·625 the bullet nearly pierced it; at 0·5 mètre it was completely pierced. The whole velocity of the projectile was thus consumed by a layer of water 1 mètre thick, and was only effective at a distance of 0·5 mètre, so that a revolver would not be of much service even to a diver against sharks. The experiments were then continued after the barrel of the rifle had been corked so as to get rid of the column of water in the barrel. The result was, however, exactly the same—at 1·5 mètre no effect whatever was produced, whilst at 1 mètre the target was pierced. Several shots were then fired from the shore at a distance of 10 mètres and an angle of about 20 degrees, so that the projectile, striking the surface at 1 mètre from the target, had to traverse 1·30 m. of water before reaching it. This shot produced no effect whatever. The second shot, traversing 0·90 m. of water, produced a slight impression; at 0·60 m., an impression of 6 millimètres; and not until the projectile had only a layer of water 0·30 m. thick between it and the target did complete penetration take place. Thus the resistance of air and water combined was greater than that of the water alone, unless, indeed, the difference must be looked for in the greater thickness of the target resulting from the angle at which the projectile was delivered. It would seem clear from these experiments that any submarine projectile would be forced to carry its own motive power with it, as, for instance, the Whitehead torpedo. But whilst this

machine is driven by compressed air, we hear that attempts are being made to utilise common gunpowder-gas, to be produced by a slow combustion of the powder according to the pressure required. Should this turn out a success, there is scarcely any limit to the distance that might be traversed by the machine on its submarine course.

THE SUICIDE AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

The Commission appointed by Mr. Cross to enquire into the suicide of little Gibbs is sitting with closed doors—very much to the indignation of the daily papers, for which a report *in extenso* of the evidence would have been a very good thing. Publicity is always desirable, but in the present case there are circumstances which fully justify the course the Commissioners have adopted. In an enquiry of this kind there is great difficulty in arriving at the truth if the evidence given is published from day to day. Witnesses who are not upon oath have no objection to state, with closed doors, facts which they would not care to see given to the world the next morning in newspapers, and although the anger of the *Daily Telegraph* at the "unconstitutional" proceeding of excluding its reporters is not unnatural, we may yet be sure that if the Commissioners want to find out the whole truth about Christ's Hospital they can only do so by taking evidence in private. Mr. Cross deserves the greatest credit for the character of the Commission. Nothing would have been easier than to have appointed a couple of aldermen, a City clergyman, and two nobodies by way of a minority, and so to have secured a report highly favourable to the school and to its administration, and throwing the whole blame on the natural perversity of little Gibbs. Instead of this, the Home Secretary has selected men who, whether they sit with closed doors or not, can be trusted to do their work thoroughly. The Dean of Christchurch, who was formerly head-master of Westminster, ought to know how public school discipline can be properly kept up. The Recorder of London, whichever way his sympathies may incline, is an able Judge, whose fairness is absolutely unimpeachable. The editor of the *Times* ought to represent public opinion and sound common sense. In this he will be supported by Mr. Forster; while Mr. Walpole is a humane and benevolent gentleman, whose Conservative instincts are not sufficiently strong to lead him astray in so simple a matter.

The apologists of the school are, of course, adopting the simple line that Gibbs was a bad boy, who hung himself with the wicked design of bringing a noble charity into disrepute. Mr. Cross himself, speaking no doubt from the representations made to him by the treasurer of the Hospital, expressed himself of opinion that the "deplorable event" was rather due to "the peculiar temperament" of the unhappy boy than to any mismanagement or cruelty. Mr. Sheriff East states this view very much more emphatically. He thinks that the Bluecoat boys look "happy;" he is certain that they look "healthy;" and he detects a "merry ring" in their laugh, which "it would indeed be difficult to reconcile with any degree of ill-usage." Upon this evidence he "feels certain" that "the poor boy's death mainly depended upon a physiological disposition happily far more rare in childhood than in adult age." We presume that Mr. East means not a physiological but a psychological condition. It is, however, hardly worth while to deal gravely with a gentleman who thinks that because the Bluecoat boys look healthy, and laugh in their play-hours, it is impossible for serious bullying to go on in the establishment. Unfortunately, the facts of the case do not bear out this hypothesis. There is nothing to show that little Gibbs had any "physiological peculiarity of temperament," or even, as is suggested, that he was "a bad boy" with a naturally depraved disposition. Even if he were, there is no reason to suppose that bad boys are at all more given to suicide than are good. Indeed, in so far as experience lets any light whatever upon the case, it would seem to suggest that for a boy of twelve to commit suicide at all is a very singular and almost unprecedented thing. Boys of twelve or fourteen are, as a rule, bright, cheery, little fellows; and when we find a child of these tender years deliberately hanging himself, it is more reasonable to suppose that there has been something "peculiar" in the circumstances to which he has been subjected than to adopt the somewhat far-fetched "physiological" hypothesis of Mr. Sheriff East.

The facts are so simple that it is difficult to see how any fresh light can be let upon them. Little Gibbs had been at the preparatory school at Hertford until Easter last, when he was translated to Christ's Hospital. Now that he has hanged himself, Major Brackenbury, the warden of the school, is able to depose that he was "a troublesome boy," and the monitor, who is accused of having goaded him into suicide, can confidently state that he was "untidy, untruthful, and generally badly behaved." As against this is the fact that the boy's father describes him as being high-spirited, but, at the same time, warm-hearted and generous, while the master under whose charge he was at Hertford gives him a thoroughly good character. It may perhaps be the case that the boy was as bad a boy as ever lived, but it does not follow because a boy is a bad boy that he is to be banged and beaten about until he hangs himself. Mr. Cross, we notice, is of opinion that there is "no evidence" to show that the lad had been badly treated. This is a very strange misconception. The unhappy little fellow ran away from school and complained to his sisters that he was so maltreated as to render his life intolerable. His father took him back, and he ran away again. He was taken back a second time, and was soundly birched. A third time he reappears at home, and warns his father in measured terms that if he is again sent back to his torture-house he shall hang himself. He *is* taken back, and he *does* hang himself. In all which Mr. Cross sees "no evidence" that he had been badly treated, but abundance of evidence that he was of a "peculiar temperament." Unfortunately for this theory, the boy's story is singularly corroborated. Some three months ago it seems another Bluecoat boy tried to hang himself. Why he did so is not stated, but the coincidence is a very remarkable one. Nor is this all; for, according to Gibbs' own story, it was not the discipline of the school to which he objected, but the intolerable cruelty and barbarity with which he was treated by one of the monitors. Against the school and against his masters he had no complaint to prefer. His grievance was that a monitor, named Copeland, used to beat him, knock him about, hold his head under water in the swimming-bath till he was half-drowned, and generally make his life a curse to him. Major Brackenbury, the warden of the Hospital, has declared that the monitors at Christ's Hospital are "not allowed" to strike the smaller boys; and that if anything like bullying or oppression went on, he, Major Brackenbury, could not help knowing of it. The best answer to this is that given by the monitor himself, who admits that it was his habitual practice to "beat" young Gibbs "until he made him cry." We can only suppose that Mr. East sees in this additional evidence of that peculiar "physiological disposition" which led little Gibbs to commit suicide with the perverse purpose of doing Christ's Hospital as much damage as possible.

Unfortunately for Christ's Hospital, the brutality of its discipline or *quasi*-discipline is notorious. The letters from "Old Blues" which have recently appeared in the papers, may or may not be exaggerated, but there can be no manner of doubt that the Bluecoat School has always been a *Sabina Nutrix* of a more than usually ferocious type. It has long been known that the barbarities which have been abolished in all the other great public schools remain in full force in Newgate Street. The Bluecoat boy dines off a wooden trencher, blacks his own boots, makes his own bed, and goes through various other menial and degrading duties, and the whole tone and character of the place is as bad as the

uniform in which the unlucky lads are clad is hideous. Singularly enough, however, according to Major Brackenbury, the one brutality which distinguishes all our great public schools—that the bigger boys should be allowed to beat the smaller, as part of the customary and traditional discipline of the place, is not allowed in Newgate Street. Practically, the fact that it is not allowed counts for very little when the ingenuous admissions of the monitor Copeland are taken into account. It is impossible, however, that the present enquiry should terminate without again raising the whole question of the legality of "tunding." In a recent case which was argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, Justices Mellor and Lush ruled that in a public school it is part of "the customary and usual discipline of the place" for the big boys to beat the little boys, and that such discipline is recognised by the common law, and will not be interfered with unless it is exercised in a severe or excessive manner. As against this view it was suggested to their lordships that a father has a right to beat his son, and has a right to delegate his parental authority to a schoolmaster, but that on well-known legal principles the authority thus given is of a judicial character, and cannot possibly be delegated by the head-master in particular to the sixth form in general. Their lordships cut all this reasoning very short by peremptorily ruling that tunding has always been customary, and is consequently legal—a decision which, having been pronounced by a Divisional Court, is now substantially law, and can only be reversed by the Court of Appeal. Mr. Justice Lush is a humane man. Mr. Justice Mellor is not deficient in what we may perhaps be allowed to call blatant commonsense. It is to be hoped that if the recent deplorable occurrence at Christ's Hospital should be brought in any way before the Court of Queen's Bench, their lordships will at least reconsider the decision at which they arrived in the famous Basingstoke Grammar School case. Meantime it is clear that the whole system of tunding is doomed. Prescription is the only excuse for it, as it is the only excuse for many other brutalities. Civilisation and humanity, however, prove themselves in the long run stronger than prescription. Otherwise they would be words without meaning.

ETON *v.* HARROW.

The last of its series under term-time auspices, and a most disappointing match. All commenced so well; fair sky and warm sun, a kaleidoscope of colour deeply fringing the ground, as the ladies displayed the tints of the period, and advertised their milliners; evenly-matched elevens, even luck in the first innings, and very equally balanced scores. The chief features of the opening day were the safe yet brilliant batting of H. Whitfield, the Eton captain, the rather flashy play and "gallery" hitting of H. E. Meek, the Harrow captain, and the cat-like fielding of the Harrow eleven as a whole. The Eton brothers Studd also showed to advantage at the wicket. The Harrow bowling was good, their fielding even better; their batting decidedly weak. The Eton bowling was much below par, and their fielding slack; in many former years the batting strength of this Harrow eleven would not have sufficed to score three figures between the lot, but the Eton bowling was so second-rate, even for a school eleven, that they could afford to take unusual liberties with it. Where one eleven was weak, there existed the strength of the other. The picnic part of the business at Lord's is always pretty, and is social to boot. Maybe it is rather overdone, when tables are laid under the trees during the adjournment of the court of cricket, when hot soups are served up, and ices handed round. Yet there is a charm to public schoolmen in the constant *rencontre* at every step of some well-known face and figure that is to be met only about once a year at this scene, or at the University match. And when the elements are propitious, and all goes smoothly, no more pleasant day can be spent by one who snatches a holiday from St. Stephen's, the Law Courts, or the atmosphere of 'Change, and who loves to combine a revival of old associations with the interest of watching a well-played game.

All this was marred on the second day, when the skies were lowering at breakfast-time, and what began in intermittent showers ended in a general downpour. Overnight it had looked slightly in favour of Harrow, when they had rubbed off their 6 runs of minority upon the first innings, and had put on another 83 for the loss of two wickets before the stumps were drawn. Next morning F. C. Rowe played steadily and hit freely at loose balls, especially distinguishing himself as a leg-hitter; his 82 was the score of the match. H. Meek went in again for a short life and a merry one, and drove a ball to the top of the pavilion; but he was too careless to live long, even against such weak bowling. Lord E. Hamilton was the other principal contributor, and the innings closed, after one interruption by rain and another by luncheon, for the respectable total of 193, leaving Eton 188 to get to win. Those who considered the trueness of the Harrow bowling and accuracy of the fielding, said they could not get the runs; those who looked at the barometer said that—could or could not—they would not. Yet the two Studds began merrily at 4.35 P.M. as if they were hitting against time; and runs came faster than one per minute, until young E. M. Lawson came on to bowl at the pavilion end. Just at this time the sky darkened, and the light became bad. H. Meek, who had been bowling at the other end, and had been pitching his balls rather short, suddenly improved in his pitch (or the bad light made it more difficult to hit him), and maiden after maiden was bowled. Another thirty-seven minutes only added eleven runs; at that rate Eton did not look like hitting off the runs before "time" was called. Meantime the younger Studd had been well caught by the long-stop; but Whitfield had come in, and the defensive play of the two batsmen was something admirable, in a bad light. The ground was not sodden, but slippery, and though the balls did not shoot (as against the batting) the fielding was done under difficulties. Rain stopped play at 5.50. Once more there was an attempt made to resume. By this time it was apparent that, in such bad light, and in so short time, it was two to one at least against Eton making the runs before the time to draw. If, on the other hand, they tried too much hitting, there was plenty of time for them to lose the match. Defence not defiance was the motto for Studd and Whitfield, unless the sun should chance to show his face again. Seldom have we seen better play on all sides in a public school match than in this last hour, after Lawson came on to bowl, and more especially after the last shower and before the final downpour. Batting, bowling, fielding, alike were a treat to see. The more we watched it, the more we grudged the weather, and growled at the hopelessness of the chance of playing out so good a match. All round the ground, where colour had fringed the turf the day before, frowned a dark phalanx of umbrellas, and as the drops increased in quality and quantity, it became hopeless. The last and best match of the old *régime* was a draw. With sunshine, the chances would have been with Eton; with the gloom that prevailed they were lucky in being stopped, for they stood to lose if they played carelessly, without a chance of winning in the limited time.

We hope we have not seen the last of these matches. No edict exists against playing in the holidays. The heads of Eton and Harrow will not make themselves ridiculous, as Dr. Ridding of Winchester did two years ago, by attempting to dictate to parents what their boys shall or shall not do in holidays, and by putting a veto on an August match after term-time. London will thus not be quite so full; if this prevents the match from enjoying fictitious popularity, if the mere sightseers who attend but for frivolity keep away, and if the audience in future shall present a more purely business aspect, no one will regret it. The "chaff" which was predominant a few years ago has now faded away; applause is always forthcoming

for a good hit or piece of fielding, but an empty storm of sarcastic approbation at each ordinary piece of play is no longer heard. Some even regretted this reform; but though it would have been quite venial that boys should be boys if they played on their home-ground, it was perhaps best to instil into them that if they aspired to perform in public as men they should put away childish things. We cannot but regret the wanton aspersions which have been cast in some quarters upon the features of this game. We read in a newly-launched weekly journal that it was a "degradation of cricket," that "guzzling" was the order of the day; that "drunken schoolboys and half-tipsy children lolled about with cigars in their mouths," and other equally unfounded aspersions. Why the well-to-do classes should be accused of "guzzling" when they picnic at Lord's more than when they do ditto at Henley or Maidenhead it is hard to say. The accusation of intoxication on the part of schoolboys is, from our experience of many years, utterly unfounded. If we needed further evidence that this critic has been drawing upon imagination, we should find it in his assertions that itinerant "niggers" infest Lord's at a public school match. It is almost needless to say that no such persons would be allowed to pass the gates. It was really a relief to read this last libel on the executive, for in itself it proved that the writer was never a spectator of one of these matches. There are *pros* and *cons* in the question of the policy of allowing schoolboys to play in public. It is perhaps a pity that this match should enjoy a popularity out of proportion with the class of play exhibited. The play at a University match is far better of course, and still higher class is that between Gentlemen and Players. Yet the latter game does not draw an audience of fashion, but one of pure lovers of the game. Boys are tempted to think that their own merits, and not their cause, are the public attractions, when 15,000 of the better educated classes of London throng to see them play. Yet the maxims of their Latin grammar might remind them that, of a large portion of the audience—

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsi.

On the other hand, it does good to boys to leave their home-grounds, and to learn to be self-reliant, and to face the ordeal of public criticism of their play. The same qualities which can make a lad cool—which can teach him to bowl with his head as well as his hand when an audience watches the fate of a game with thrilling anxiety, or which enables a batsman to play as if no one was in the world but himself, the bowler, and the field—will, if cultivated, reproduce themselves hereafter in *majora negotia* of life, when he holds his first brief, or makes his maiden speech at St. Stephen's, or seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. There is more education to be gained in pastimes than many wot of. These latter benefits we would retain if we could, and yet exclude as far as possible any incidents which may tend unduly to flatter the vanity of the youthful actors in the drama. If the result of the last resolve of the heads of Eton and Harrow should be, not to abolish the match altogether as a public performance, but only to transpose it into the slacker part of the London season, we shall have retained the benefits and have parted with some of the disadvantages.

FORMS OF VERSE.

The July number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains an article entitled "A Plea for Certain Exotic Forms of Verse," by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, a poet of deservedly growing distinction, from which we are made aware of a peculiar movement in the minor poetry of the moment. This movement is, we are told, the resuscitation and adoption of the old French forms of verse, more especially the *rondel*, the *rondeau*, the *triolet*, the *villanelle*, the *ballade*, and the *chant royal*, and is, according to Mr. Gosse, the development of a reaction against the amorphous poetry used by the minor poets of a previous generation, such as Dobell and the whole Spasmodic school. It is pointed out to us that our younger poets, following the lead of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Rossetti, delight in difficulty of form and the employment of such metres as call for laborious industry, and we are asked to regard this as a movement against the upholders of the simpler and more straightforward methods and measures. It should be borne in mind, however, that in minor poetry may almost always be found an exaggeration of the fashion set by the poetical leaders of the day; that this was the case with the formless fancies of Dobell and the other satellites of a past generation; and that, therefore, this so-called "movement" may be only a continuation or completion of the mediæval revival that has been an active spirit in art of all kinds for the past quarter of a century.

But the especial and most direct inspiration for the adoption of these French forms is to be found in France itself, where one of the most prominent of the minor modern French poets, M. Théodore de Banville, and some others, have for some time past made use of many—most indeed, if not all—of these old forms. In 1857 M. Théodore de Banville published his 'Odes Funambulesques,' and proved himself a master of the *triolet*, the *rondeau*, the *ballade*, the *chant royal*, and the *villanelle*, and it is these five forms of verse, together with the *rondel*, too often confused with the *rondeau*, that Mr. Gosse wishes to introduce into modern English verse. Moreover, M. de Banville is the author of a work upon all the early French, and indeed all curious or beautiful verse-forms—'Traité de la Poésie Française,' a book that should be dear to the heart of all lovers of form, but which is unfortunately almost unknown in England, though Mr. Gosse is evidently well acquainted with it. Some of these forms have been attempted with more or less success already, but the movement, if movement it may be called, is only just beginning. Until now the sonnet is almost the only alien form in which our poets have attained to perfection, but it is evident that many of the younger poets will devote themselves to the revival of curious verse-forms with an energy rivalling that of the Romantics for their cause in the *Hernani* days. We shall probably be deluged with *triolets*, *rondeaux*, *rondels*, and every form of song, of which all that is good and beautiful will remain when the rest has floated away. What the result may be remains to be seen, but Mr. Gosse, who is himself justly remarkable for his mastery of the mechanical difficulties of verse, puts the case in a clear and earnest manner. He reasonably demands why, if we admit the sonnet, one of the forms most difficult to do well if comparatively easy to do ill, and have at last succeeded in bringing it to perfection for the first time in English, we should not "proceed to the cultivation of other fixed forms of verse which flourished in the earliest days of modern poetic literature, and of which the sonnet, if the finest, is at least but one?"

Mr. Austin Dobson has been the first to present most of these forms to the world in an English dress in his recent volume, 'Proverbs in Porcelain,' where *rondel*, *rondeau*, *triolet*, *villanelle*, and *ballade* are as much at home as in the tongue of Eustache Deschamps, Charles D'Orleans, Villon, and the other early French poets, as well as De Banville of to-day. Mr. Théophile Marzials has shown himself capable of excelling in early forms. Mr. Gosse, when he again publishes a volume of poetry, will probably show, if we may judge from suggestions in this article, to what extent the amplification may be carried to-day of Henri de Croy's 'L'Art et Science de Rhétorique,' of Eustache Deschamps' own work, and Banville's precious little volume. There is really no reason why poets should not adopt these earlier forms of verse. All that is necessary is the consultation of good models. As we have at last succeeded in getting a pure form of sonnet into modern poetry, we should be careful not to permit the entry of bastard *rondel* or slipshod *villanelle*, but go to the best authorities for them, as Petrarch or Dante is consulted for the sonnet. It is curious, by the way, that Mr. Gosse does not mention Dante's so-called sonnet of twenty lines, which does not appear to have been so far introduced into

English. Also, Mr. Gosse, in declaring Sidney and Daniel the original importers of the sonnet, seems unfair to Surrey and Wyatt. For the *ballade*, Villon is chief; and for the *rondel*, Charles d'Orléans, although some might uphold Eustache Deschamps in either or both of these branches. For the *rondeau*, Clément Marot, Voiture, Benzerade—of whose versification in this form of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" there are some fragments that should not be forgotten—are the authorities. For *triolet* and *villanelle*, Théodore de Banville is unrivalled; he may claim the merit of their revival, and must be regarded as the master of these forms of poetry. For the *chant royal*, of which Mr. Gosse gives the first example ever printed in England, and one well worthy of its initial position, Marot and Eustache Deschamps must be looked to. But in all this *rondel* writing and *triolet* writing that seems to be promised to us, there is one danger which Mr. Gosse has not overlooked when he says:—"But this just zeal for form must not blind us to the risk we run of chasing the outside of a leaky goblet. Form itself is of no use whatever if there be no matter for the form to enclose. There could plainly be composed pure rondeaux and ballads in nonsense verses, poems that would have all the exterior distinction of style, with no interior meaning at all. . . . The only excuse for writing rondeaux and villanelles is the production of poems that are charming to a reader who takes no note of their elaborate form; they should be attractive in spite of, and not because of, their difficulty." This last sentence, as just as Alceste's snub of Oronte, would seem to condemn any who dreamed of reviving the tricquets, pillasters, and spheres of George Puttenham, but it is not easy to see what plea could be raised against a poem merely for being in a shape—as long as there was some other than typographical reasons for its shape—that could not be as fairly raised against rondeau or rondel. Watson, in his "Pasquine Pillar Erected in Despite of Love," has attempted to do something of which the shape is determined by side readings that correspond somewhat to the overword of a rondeau, and it is not impossible to imagine this idea successfully amplified by some cunning versifier. Might not the difficulties of this case also "serve the double end of repelling the incompetent workman and stimulating the competent?" In the same number of the *Cornhill* there is an article on Japanese miniature odes that may not consist of more than thirty-five syllables arranged in a certain order; will these be ever adopted by some enthusiastic poet in search of novelties?

There is one point upon which Mr. Gosse gives an opinion that would seem to those interested an important departure from the rule of adherence to settled form. He says of Mr. Austin Dobson's deviation from tradition in his rondels that "this is of no importance, the number of rhymes and the position of the refrain being the same." This would justify an alteration and, we think, an improvement in the sextine, whereby the last word of the first line of each new verse should rhyme, but not be identical with the last word of the previous line. Mr. Gosse might perhaps have touched upon the indebtedness of early form-makers to Provence and the Provençal poets; but as this article is only to be regarded as a foretaste of a book on poetic form, it would be unreasonable to expect him to sow with the whole sack at once. He has certainly devoted to an interesting subject an exceedingly able and cultivated article. We do not think he should have gone out of his way to attack those who "write epics of Heaven or Hell" in narrative blank verse. The less a poet has to say about his living brethren the better. However, this is but a small blemish in an exceedingly valuable article, which Mr. Gosse might have concluded by saying to his objectors with the old Italian poet, quoted in the Archbishop of Dublin's lecture on the English Sonnet, "If this seem to thee a bed of Procrustes, who has compelled thee to lie on it? It is of thy own free choice that thou stretchest thyself thereon. Parnassus would not be in despair, the treasury of the muses would not be bankrupt, even though thou shouldst withhold thy sonnet from it."

BARON KETTELER, BISHOP OF MAYENCE.

One summer eve in 1848 three brothers, medical students all, of regal blood, but not of regal birth, sat carousing in one of the wine-gardens at Bockenheim, near Frankfort. Political talk flowed fast, but faster flowed the wine, and faster and louder the clinking of glasses mingled with the chorus—

> We'll hang from never a beam,
> By never a rope we'll swing,
> But one and all to the golden dream
> Of a great Republic cling.*

But wine and song, with the evening breeze rustling through the moon-silvered leaves, oft arouse a strange melancholy feeling, an undefined longing, a semi-conviction that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Such was the case with one of the three brothers. Rising from the table, he left the carousers, and, leaning over some parapet, there gloomily moralised, whilst ever and anon the strains of the merry choruses grated harshly and ever more harshly upon his ear. It was a critical moment—one of those moments when a feather will turn the scale and determine a man's future career. At this moment a priest came by—a priest of marked features, the tip of his nose slashed off, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, adorned with black, red, and gold cockade, pressed down over his brows. Approaching with a quick nervous step, his eyes fell upon the moralising student. He at once grasped the significance of the moment; the carousing, the balmy evening, the solitary student with a troubled expression on his countenance, plainly furnished the key to the position, and without hesitation he seized it, and, entering into conversation with him, led him away from the scene. The result was that his pupil abandoned the study of medicine, returned to the faith of his fathers, studied theology, and is now a prominent member of one of the monasteries on the Rhine.

The priest was the curé of Hopsten, Emanuel, Baron Ketteler, a Münster deputy in the Frankfort Parliament, and the future Bishop of Mayence. Of his convert we need say no more. We have related the above incident as characteristic of the acumen and energy of the man, and of his faculty of at once divining the gist of a question and immediately acting upon it.

Bishop Ketteler was born in 1811 at Münster, of an old Westphalian family, which had already provided the Church with a high dignitary in the person of the Prince-Bishop of Münster, William II., who reigned from 1553 to 1557, but, more patriotic than his descendant, refused to take the oath of homage to the Pope, and resigned his office. Several other members of the family occupied high positions in the Church; whilst Gotthard III., becoming Lutheran, founded a Protestant branch of the family, the members of which were the Dukes of Courland from 1561 to 1737.

The late Bishop devoted himself to the study of the law, and led a rather turbulent life at the University, where his impracticable spirit led him into the duel which resulted in the loss of the tip of his nose. He served his one year in the army, and then entered the service of the State, whilst his brother Richard entered a cavalry regiment. At this time the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, Clemens von Droste-Vischering, created an immense excitement amongst the Westphalian nobility—a sturdy, outspoken race, tenacious of purpose and energetic in action—and both the brothers, Richard and Emanuel, determined to devote themselves to the Church militant, Richard eventually becoming a Capuchin monk, whilst Emanuel went to Munich to study theology under Döllinger, and was ordained in 1844. In 1848 he was elected a member of the Frankfort Parliament, where he took a prominent part in the debates on the relations between the Church and the schools, and produced a great impression by his nervous, pithy, and sharply logical speeches, by his independent attitude, and the boldness of his challenges.

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* Wir hängen an keinem Baume,
Wir hängen an keinem Strick,
Sondern an dem Traume
Einer Republik.

By the end of the Session he had made his mark a best debater on the Extreme Right, and the Pru Government endeavoured to secure his services b pointing him to St. Hedwig's, in Berlin. But bureaucratic trammels imposed upon him in the P sian capital were not to his liking; and in 1850 he enthroned Bishop of Mayence, in the place of Le Schmid, of Giessen, whose election had been canc by the Roman Curia.

Here Bishop Ketteler had full scope for his ener Supported by such men as Lennig and Mousang— declared that all State-schools were Devil's-schools determined to have his own training establishments colleges, and instituted a theological course in Mayence seminary. As soon as this was done—a order to prevent his rival, Schmid, from working ag him—Ketteler proclaimed that no Giessen stu should be ordained, and persuaded the Bisho Limburg to issue the same order. Thus the theolo faculty in Giessen was well provided with profes but with no students. The Hessian Government tested against the new establishments, but did not more, and Ketteler, emboldened by his success, proceeded to introduce the Jesuits. This wa flagrant opposition to the law; the municipality tested, and the Lower Chamber of Deputies endo the protest. Thereupon Ketteler concluded a conve with Dalwigk, the Prime Minister, who then broug a Bill authorising religious orders to establish thems in the Grand Duchy. This Bill was passed by Upper, but rejected by the Lower, Chamber. Government, however, terminated the deadlock making use, for the first time, of Article 75 o Constitution, which entitled them to amalgamate two Chambers into one General Assembly, and thu secure a majority.

Henceforward Ketteler's power in Hessen was limited; and not only was his influence there undisp but he also became the acknowledged leader o Ultramontane party throughout Germany, and bitterest and most dangerous opponent of State au rity in the Church. Strenuous endeavours were to procure his appointment to one of the Pru bishoprics at Cologne, Treves, or at Freiburg in Ba but his name was always erased from the list of didates by the Government. More of a politician a theologian, more of a practical man than a visio theorist, he at once perceived what a political blu the promulgation of the Infallibility dogma would and voted against it in the meeting on July 13, together with Döllinger and Strossmayer. Two later, on the 15th, he implored the Pope on his kne abstain from his intention, and his exertions bein vain, left Rome before the final sitting on July 18. when he found that the new dogma had been acce his hierarchical instincts were too strong for him, though he had written a powerful pamphlet agains dogma, he sacrificed logic and reason to party, ga his submission, and wrote another pamphlet, a pastoral, revoking that of July 17, in which he de strated just as clearly and logically that his fo effusions were all wrong, and that nothing coul more natural, more just, or more necessary than dogma of Papal Infallibility. A man that could do with impunity must needs have enjoyed a st position.

In his habits Ketteler offered a remarkable con to his colleague of Bosnia, Bishop Strossmayer. Djakovo hospitality, art, literature, and social amen are practised on a princely scale. Strossmayer, wit his energy and independence, is still the *ne plus ult* a courtier, and would never have been guilty of su breach of etiquette as that committed by Ketteler w during the celebration of a solemn mass on the occa of the Emperor of Austria's birthday, he abruptly ostentatiously quitted the church in displeasure at behaviour of some Austrian officers. His episc palace at Mayence was a model of simplicity, not to discomfort, disorder, and neglect. As often as not visitor would be received by the porter in his sl

sleeves, or in the act of struggling into his jacket. A bevy of rustic, red-armed, stalwart Münster maids completed his domestic arrangements, and, instead of the luxuriously spread table of the Croatian priest, the fare set by Ketteler before his guests consisted of the homely potato-soup, the sauerkraut and bacon, and pumpernickel or black bread of his native Westphalia. Strong fare for strong men and stronger females, his table always reminded one of the doggrel proverb:—

> Hospitium vile, dünn bier, grob brot, lange meil
> Sunt in Westphalia. Quisque dubitat, loip da!
>
> Rude hospitality, thin beer, coarse bread, long miles
> Are in Westphalia. Whoever doubts it, go there!

That, however, probably the opinion of a wandering scholar of the Middle Ages, rather represents Westphalia in *anno Domini* 1450, and to that period Bishop Ketteler properly belonged. As it is, he failed in his ambition. Not only did the State checkmate him, but even at the Vatican, Antonelli used to speak to him as the "boorish German," whilst the Pope himself gave the purple right and left but always passed Ketteler over. His opposition at the Vatican Council was never condoned; and it is a rather curious coincidence that he should have died in the Capuchin monastery at Burghausen, on July 13, the seventh anniversary of the day on which he voted against the Infallibility dogma.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MID-ATLANTIC.

THOSE glad days!—each one a new wonder as our tremendous speed drove us into successive and totally different worlds of light and colour. The weather-prophets were all at fault. Each morning was a surprise. There might have been, for example, a plunging and roaring during the night, that told us there was a bit of sea on; but who could have imagined beforehand the brilliant and magnificent beauty of this westerly gale—the sea rolling along in mountainous waves—the wild masses of spray springing high into the air from the bows of the ship—the rapid rainbows formed by the sunlight striking on those towering clouds—then a rattle as of musketry fire as they fell on the sunlit and streaming decks? And if there were two obstinate young creatures who would not at all consent to stand in the huddled companion-way—if they would insist on having their morning march up and down the plunging decks, with the salt water running down their reddened faces—had they not their reward? They were the discoverers of the fact that we were running a race. What were those black objects that leaped clear into the sunlight, and went head-foremost again into the rushing waves? One after the other the merry dolphins sprung into the air and vanished again, and we were grateful to them for this friendly escort. They were sociable fellows, those dolphins—not like the whales, which generally kept away somewhere near the horizon, where they could only be made out by the recurrent jet of white foam.

And then, again, it might have been the very next morning that we found the world of water and sky grown still and dreamlike—pervaded by a mystic calm. The sea like vast folds of silk, dull, smooth, and lustreless—a waste of tender

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* *N.B.—This story is written partly in collaboration with an American author, and is copyright both in this country and in the United States.*

and delicate greys, broken only by the faintest shadows where the low waves rolled; the sky lightly clouded over and also grey, with lines of yellowish light that grew narrower and narrower as they neared the horizon; and here the only bit of colour in the vague and shadowy picture—a sharp, bold, clear line of blue all round the edge of the world, where the pale sea and the pale sky met.

And so we went on day after day; and the bells tolled the half-hours; and the gong sounded for meals; and the monotonous chorus of the sailors—

So now farewell,
My bonnie young girl;
For I'm bound for the Rio Gran'—

told us of the holystoning of the decks. There was rather more card-playing than reading; there was a good deal of perfunctory walking; sometimes there was a song or two in the long saloon of an evening. And by this time, too, people had got to know each other, and each other's names and circumstances, in a most surprising manner. The formal "Good morning" of the first day or two had developed into "And how are you this morning, Mr. ——?" The smallest civility was sufficient warranty for the opening of an acquaintanceship. Ladies freely took any proffered arm for that inevitable promenade before dinner—all except one, and she the most remarked of all. What was it, then, that seemed to surround her—that seemed to keep her apart? A certain look in her face?—she was not a widow. Her manner?—she was almost anxiously courteous to everyone around her. All sorts and conditions of men were eager to bring her chair, or pick up her dropped book, or bid other passengers stand aside to let her pass through the companion-way; and all the elderly women—to judge by their looks—seemed to bless her in their hearts for her sweet face; and all the young women appeared to be considerably interested in her various costumes; but somehow she made no familiar acquaintances. They might challenge our bright-faced Bell to make up a side at rope-quoits; and that brave lass—though she seldom landed more than two out of the dozen of quoits on the peg—would set to work with a will, her eyes bluer than ever with the blue light from the sea, the sunlight touching the constant gladness of her face. But when our beautiful, pale, sad guest came near to look on, they only moderated their wild laughter somewhat. They did not challenge her. It was not she whom they expected to pencil down the score on the white paint of the ventilation-shaft. But there was not one of these brisk and active commercial gentlemen (who were the most expert performers) who would not instantly stop the game in order to dart away and get a chair for her: that modest smile of thanks was sufficient reward.

There was a young lady who sat near us at dinner—a very pretty young lady who had come all the way from San Francisco, and was returning home after a lengthened stay in Europe. It was quite evident that she and her friends must have stayed some time in Geneva, and that they had succumbed to the temptations of the place. She seemed to be greatly struck by Lady Sylvia's appearance; and for the first day or two paid more attention to her than to her meals. Now on the third day, imagine our astonishment—for small things become great on board ship—on finding the pretty young San Franciscan come into breakfast without a scrap of jewellery either round her neck or on her hands. She had even discarded the fore-finger ring—an opal surrounded with diamonds—which we had unanimously declared to be beautiful. Moreover, she never wore any jewellery during the rest of that voyage. Why was this? Wearing jewellery, even Genevan jewellery, is a harmless foible. Is there any mag-

etism radiating from a human being that is capable of de-troying bracelets and finger-rings, or, at least, of rendering hem invisible? These are the mysteries of life.

But indeed we had more serious matters to think about, for ve had with us a stern monitress, who did not fail to remind s that existence, even on board a trans-Atlantic steamer, is ot all composed of dry champagne and rope-quoits. She had nade the acquaintance of the purser, and from him she had btained particulars regarding some of the many emigrants n board. The piteous tales she told us may have received touch here and there from an imagination never of the ullest; but they sounded real enough; and it was very clear hat they went straight to Lady Sylvia's heart. Was it not ossible, she anxiously asked, to do something for this poor nan who was dying of consumption, and who, conscious of his oom, was making a struggle to have a look at his two sons ut in Montana before the sunken eyes finally closed? What ve had to do for him, a day or two afterwards, was to attend is funeral. The weighted corpse, wrapped round with a Union-Jack, was borne along by the sailors to the stern of he ship, and there a number of the passengers congregated, nd stood with uncovered head to hear the short burial service ead. It was not a pathetic scene. The man was unknown o us but for that brief hint of his dying wish. The wild vinds and the rushing waves drowned most of the words of he service. And yet there was something strange in the sud-enness with which the corpse plunged down and disappeared, nd in the blank loneliness of the sea thereafter. The man ad neither friend nor relative on board.

There was an open space on the lower deck into which, for he freer air, the emigrants often came; and there they fol-owed their domestic pursuits as unconscious as bees of being ooked down upon from above. Surely, it was with no im-ertinent curiosity that our Queen T. taught her gentle friend regard these poor people; rather it was with a great ympathy and friendliness. One morning she drew her at-ntion to a young woman who appeared to be also a young iother, for she had a couple of children dawdling about her eels; and Lady Sylvia was greatly distressed that those oung things should be so dirty and obviously neglected. She as for sending for the invaluable Mr. Evans, and begging m to take some little present to the mother.

"But why should they be dirty? And why should they be eglected?" demanded that fierce social philosopher, whose eight is five-foot-three. "Look at the mother—look at her wdry ribbons—her unkempt hair—her dirty face. She is a oman who has got no womanly pride: if she has a husband, od help him!—fancy what his home must be. If he has got d of her, I should imagine he must be glad; he could keep e house cleaner without her. But look at that young woman er there—I know she has a young family too for I saw them is morning. See how she has tucked up her dress so that e can go over the wet decks; see how she has carefully aided her hair; and do you see how all those tin things she s been washing are shining bright—and look at her now—lishing that knife—and putting the cloth up on the rope to y. For my part, I have no sympathy for women who are ualid and dirty. There is no reason in the world why they ould be so. A woman—and especially a wife—ought to ake the best of her circumstances; and if her husband does ink and ill-use her, she won't make him any the more named of himself by becoming a slattern and driving him ay from a dirty house. I am going down to speak to that ung woman who is polishing the tin jugs."

And she did, too; and became acquainted with all the ung wife's circumstances. These were not at all dreadful pathetic. She was a brisk and active young Irishwoman,

who was very proud that her husband in New York had at last saved up enough money to send for her and her children; and her only fear was that, New York being such a big place, there might be a chance of missing her husband on going ashore. Queen T. wholly reassured her on this point; and begged to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her children, and of course she gave them a keepsake all round—with a whole heap of fruit and sweets obtained by illicit means from the chief saloon-steward.

On—on—on—night and day—with this tremendous speed. Even our women-folk now had dismissed all fear of being ill. On one morning, it is true—during a pretty stiff gale in the "Devil's Hole," or "Rolling Forties"—they were remarkably abstemious at breakfast, but not one of them succumbed; and now that we were getting near the Newfoundland Banks they waxed valiant. They declared that crossing the Atlantic was mere child's play compared to crossing the Channel. Bell grew learned about square-sails and try-sails, and had picked up all the choruses of the sailors. "*Give a man time to roll a man down,*" is not at all a proper sentiment for a young lady; but a great deal is admissible at sea.

Then we had a dolorous day of rain; and there were more huddled groups than ever in the smoking-room playing poker; and more disconsolate groups than ever at the top of the companion-way looking out on the leaden sky and the leaden sea. Moreover, as the day waned fog came on; and that evening, as we sat in the saloon, there was ominous conversation abroad. We heard the dull booming of the fog-horn as we sped through the night. Was not our course somewhat too northerly? What about icebergs? Towards morning should we not be dangerously near Cape Race—not dangerously for ourselves, but for the anchored schooners and smacks on the Great Bank, any one of which would be ploughed down by this huge vessel, with only perhaps one shriek of agony to tell what had happened? It was a gloomy evening.

But then, the next morning! Where was the fog? A dome of clear blue sky; a sea of dark blue, with the crisp white crests of the running waves; a fresh, invigorating westerly breeze. And now surely we were getting out of the region of unknown and monotonous waters into something definite, human, approachable; for it was with a great interest and gladness that the early risers found all around them the anchored schooners, and it was with even a greater interest that we drew near and passed a rowing-boat full of men whose bronzed faces were shining red in the sun.

"These are the poor fellows I told you about," said our admiral and commander-in-chief to her friend. "Think of the danger they must be in on a foggy night—think of their wives and children at home. I should not wonder if their wives were glad to see them when they got back to shore!"

"It is dreadful—dreadful," said Lady Sylvia; and perhaps it was the new excitement of seeing these strange faces that made her eyes moist.

We had to pass still another long, beautiful day, with nothing around us visible but the blue sea and the blue sky; but if the honest truth must be told, we were not at all impatient to find before us the far low line of the land. Indeed, we looked forward to leaving this life on board ship with not a little regret. We were going farther, perhaps to fare worse. We had become a sort of happy family by this time; and had made a whole host of friends, whom we seemed to have known all our lives. And one of us was rather proud of her skill at rope-quoits; and another was mad on the subject of sea-air; and another—his initials were Oswald von Rosen—was deeply interested in the raffles and betting of the smoking-room. What would the next day's run be? What would the number of the pilot be? Would that ancient mariner have a moustache or not? There was a frightful amount of gambling going on.

The next morning our admiral insisted that there was a strong odour of seaweed in the air; and seemed proud of the fact.

"Madame Columbus," said our German friend, seriously, "it is a happy omen. I do not think you could prevent a mutiny much longer—no—the men say there is no such place as America—they will not be deceived—they will return to Spain. The crew of the *Pinta* are in revolt. They do not care any more for the presence of those birds—not at all. If we do not see land soon, they will kill you, and go home."

But the confidence which we placed in our admiral was soon to be justified. Far away on the southern horizon we at length descried a pilot-boat flying the flag of proffered assistance. We hailed with joy the appearance of this small vessel, which the savage inhabitants of the nearest coast had doubtless sent out to welcome the pioneers of civilisation; and we regarded with awe and reverence the sublime features of Madame Columbus, now irradiated with triumph. As for the wretched creatures who had been mutinous, it is not for this hand to chronicle the sudden change in their manner: "*They implored her,*" says a great historian, "*to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of her well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced her whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.*"

Stranger still, the native whom we took on board this friendly boat was found to be clothed; and he spoke a language which, although not English, was intelligible. We regarded him with great curiosity; but there was nothing savage or uncouth in his manners. He had rings in his ears; and he smoked a short clay-pipe.

Of course our excitement all that day was great; and there was a wild scene in the smoking-room in the evening—a mock trial by jury having produced a good many bottles of whiskey in the way of fines. The songs were hearty, and hoarse. We raffled a rug.

On the following morning there was something to make one rub one's eyes. It was a long, faint, pale blue thing, stretching along the western horizon, and having the appearance of a huge whale lying basking in the mist of the early sunlight. We called aloud to those who were below. That blue line in the yellow mist was—America!

LITERATURE.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

Renaissance in Italy: The Fine Arts. By J. A. Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1877.

Of art criticism in the present day it must be confessed that we have enough and to spare. It would seem that Mr. Ruskin had set the fashion of taking a painter, or sometimes a single picture, as a text for general views of life and morality, and his example, reinforced by a study of the French critics, has found many followers who have applied Mr. Ruskin's method in ways of which he would by no means approve. The result has been to make first one painter and then another the rage for a season among small coteries. Angelico, Tintoretto, Giotto, Signorelli, Botticelli, and many others, have been held up in turns for admiration as having perceived and expressed in some peculiar

way the secret of the universe, and so being specially adapted to give comfort and refreshment to weary souls. We dimly remember an enthusiastic friend who, after a journey in Italy, was prepared to take his stand upon Margaritone of Arezzo as the greatest of all prophets of art. He used the correct language on the subject: he called him "a sweet and subtle painter;" he spoke of his draperies as "very precious;" he declared that the long slender fingers of his Madonna were "exquisite symbols of the passionate longings of her soul." But our friend had no means of reaching the public ear, and his wailings died away on the wind; they were, however, as good as many which have become famous.

This sort of criticism is only possible when one artist is taken as a vehicle for the expression of the critic's moods, and a more extended survey of the region of art tends to show its arbitrariness. We can cordially praise Mr. Symonds' volume for its freedom from partiality and one-sided extravagance. Mr. Symonds is well acquainted with Italian history during the period when the arts flourished, and does not therefore commit the ludicrous errors of some critics, who find ideal purity expressed by strange prophets, whose practice was at all events far removed from their precepts. Other critics, again, notably M. Rio in 'L'Art Chrétien,' argue from the beauty of the pictures to the goodness of the painters and their patrons, and from the goodness of painters again infer the general goodness of everybody, popes and clergy included, which so many wicked and perverse contemporary historians have grossly misrepresented. Other writers on Italian art, such as M. Taine, are so busy in accounting for its excellence from the facts of contemporary history, that they lead us bewildered through a vast historical lumber-room up to a picture, and then call upon us to discover all their rubbish expressed in it. If diversity of opinion and method be a sign of the healthy condition of any science, art criticism is certainly the most flourishing of all branches of literature.

As soon as we discovered that Mr. Symonds did not want to preach to us, or enforce any new view of life, or call upon us to remake all our views of history, we began to read him with a decided feeling of relief. He has approached Italian art as an important element in the culture of mankind, and his aim is to view it soberly as being the culmination of the spirit of the Italian *renaissance*. Mr. Symonds' thorough and sound knowledge of Italian history and Italian literature gives breadth to his judgments. He has no special thesis to maintain, and is sympathetic with all things lovely; he does not wish to uphold the special beauty of some things because of their moral importance; he is not trammelled by theories of the connexion between art and morality. On the other hand, he has a thorough—we had almost said, a pagan—appreciation of things beautiful, because they are beautiful: he is willing to give credit to almost everyone, and to bring forward their merits with full acknowledgment. He has no desire to set up one artist and cast down another, or to claim for art itself a higher position than is justly due.

In his general conception of the functions of art, as seen in its history, Mr. Symonds has spoken out clearly and wisely. Art in Europe, he says, was at first Christian art, because when the modern intellect first began to make itself felt the Christian idea was the only universal one which demanded expression. At first art frankly endeavoured to lend itself to the service of the Church, though even then dogma had to be curtailed before it could be submitted to artistic treatment, and art had to express symbols and feelings which were not in themselves beautiful. But as art developed the realities of life claimed the genius of the painter, and religious subjects became to him mere "vehicles for the display of sensuous beauty, science, and mundane pageantry." Next, when the revival of classical literature made itself felt, art found in Pagan myths and fancies a fitter field for the display of its learning and of its power. Then art expressed the return to the pleasures of sense, the wild joys of living, the long-forgotten loveliness of nature and of man. Finally, art set itself to find a synthesis for its two great motives; painting did more than philosophy to reconcile mediæval and classical ideas, to bring asceticism and joy in beauty into relations with one another. When painting had done this, there was nothing more to do; art had advanced further than thought could follow. The Madonnas of Raphael still remain as prophecies of a higher consciousness than men have yet attained; they are the symbols of a high intellectual worship in which "the classical idea of a temperate and joyous natural life shall be restored to the conscience educated by the Gospel."

With this philosophy of art we cordially agree. Much useless ingenuity has been spent in the discussion of the relations between art and morality, or art and religion. Art is neither moral nor immoral, religious nor irreligious; but it is concerned solely with the expression of beauty. Some inquirers have connected art with morality and religion, because it happens that many things which are immoral or irreligious are also ugly, and so fall outside the sphere of art; but these inquirers have adopted a wrong principle when they have declaimed against artists who have gone forth like explorers to discover the beauty of hidden places, and who have, therefore, extended the region of art whither the purists refuse to follow. Let such painters be objected to on moral grounds if need be, but not on grounds of art. Some, again, like the Puritans, maintain with much reason that art is always immoral and irreligious, because it substitutes a standard of enjoyment for the standard of right and wrong, and because it brings with it an atmosphere of sensuous exaltation, which is in itself disturbing to the mind. Only on the ground of a large belief in man and of his goodness can such objections be answered.

Commencing from this point of view, Mr. Symonds takes a survey of the great productions of Italian art, for every form of which he has genuine sympathy. He has one great advantage, that he has gathered his views from his own personal study of the works of art which he describes. Mr. Symonds knows Italy well, and his book will to many readers recall impressions of their own travels. Mr. Symonds has seen enough and thought enough to have assimilated his knowledge; he does not weary us with archæological erudition about pictures and painters, though we see that he has spared no pains in getting to know all about them; nor does he give us elaborate descriptions of particular pictures, by way of supplying us with samples. In fact, we feel that Mr. Symonds wrote this volume because he had studied his subject, not that he studied his subject in order to write the book. Hence he is perpetually suggestive on points even where he only slightly touches. Thus the following criticism of the Italian Gothic will enable many to appreciate better the chief characteristics of Italian architecture:—

> The Italians never rightly apprehended the specific nature of Gothic architecture. They could not forget the horizontal lines, flat roofs, and blank walls of the Basilica. Like their Roman ancestors, they aimed at covering the ground with the smallest possible expenditure of construction. When they adopted the Gothic style, they failed to perceive that its true merit consists in the negation of nearly all that the Latin style holds precious. . . . On the other hand, what they sacrificed of genuine Gothic character was made good after their own fashion. Surface decoration, whether of fresco or mosaic, bronze work or bas-relief, wood carving, or paneling in marble, baked clay or enamelled earthenware, was never carried to such perfection in Gothic buildings of the purer type; nor had sculpture in the North an equal chance of detaching itself from the niche and tabernacle, which forced it to remain the slave of architecture.

Mr. Symonds gives an adequate sketch of the progress of Italian architecture and sculpture, though it is to painting that he chiefly devotes himself. We could wish sometimes that his imagery were a little more subdued, and that his choice of similes was more regulated by a desire to render his subject clearer. The following burst, for instance, is oppressive and bewildering:—"The innocence of childhood, the melody of a lute or songbird as distinguished from the music of an orchestra, the rathe tints of early dawn, cheerful light on shallow streams, the serenity of a simple and untrained nature that has never known the world—many such images occur to the mind while think-

ing of the sculpture of these men." Again, we are lost to know why hair is called "snakelike in its subtlety for the entanglement of souls;" nor do we see why a pedigree like that of a racehorse should be parenthentically elaborated for Love, who is called "the bondslave of Beauty and the son of Poverty by Craft;" nor are we led to appreciate Paris Bordone any the more by being told that he "mingled on his canvas cream and mulberry juice and sunbeams." There are many passages like this in which Mr. Symonds has neglected to follow the models whom he is extolling.

We have said that Mr. Symonds appreciates excellence of every kind, and lays down no *à priori* system by reference to which he judges. Sometimes, however, he seems to have followed too much the judgments of others, and to have mixed with his praise some undeserved depreciation. He seems to have followed Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in holding cheap Benozzo Gozzoli because he did not attain to dramatic genius. Yet surely for cheerful gracefulness and poetic imagination of simple scenes he is comparable only to Luini, and touches a chord which is eminently in accordance with much that is most prevalent in the sentiment of our own time. Again, Mr. Symonds is rather under the influence of a reaction against the excessive attention which has lately been bestowed on Sandro Botticelli, and scarcely gives him the attention which he deserves, as being, in the various phases which he represents, perhaps the artist who is most characteristic of the piety evoked by antagonism to the paganism of the *renaissance*. In fact, Mr. Symonds gives no special attention to the traces visible in art of this force of reaction against paganism, which found its historical expression in Savonarola. Again, about Ghirlandaio, Mr. Symonds follows Mr. Ruskin's lead, and complains of his want of the finer sense of beauty, his absence of originality, and the prosaic character of his work. Yet he admits that Ghirlandaio is admirable in the composition of his pictures, and conveys a decided impression of the strength and vigour of the Florentines of his day. When a painter has done so much it seems ungrateful to complain that he has not done more. Historical painting and portraiture has a special claim of its own, and Ghirlandaio did for Florence what Paolo Veronese did for Venice.

Mr. Symonds is not so sympathetic with the art of Venice as he is with that of Florence and Umbria. The subtlety of the Florentines is more congenial to him than the vigour of the Venetians; he seems almost to shrink before the fulness of life expressed by Titian and Veronese. We think it is Mr. Ruskin who has said somewhere that between the schools of chiaroscuro and the schools of pure colour there is a difference which is one of temperament, and that it is impossible for anyone to appreciate both rightly. Though Mr. Symonds has tried to do his utmost for the Venetians we feel that his own temperament leads him to delight most in the Florentines, and we do not find his remarks on Venetian art so full of genuine enjoyment and keen appreciation as is the rest of his book.

We are glad to see that Mr. Symonds has a good word to say for Gaudenzio Ferrari, a painter whose originality, vigour, and daring in conception has scarcely met from art critics with the notice that it deserves. We could have wished that he had said more about Moretto and the school of Brescia, who have a peculiar interest, as showing the meeting point of the Venetian and the Umbrian schools. There is one other point on which Mr. Symonds might have made his book more useful—he might have given more information about the technical side of painting. Few people who look at pictures realise the difference between pictures in tempera and pictures in oil, and the necessities of fresco painting ought to modify our judgments of works produced by that process. A clear reminder of the nature of artistic processes would introduce a greater amount of common sense into current judgments of pictures.

It is because Mr. Symonds, in spite of occasional extravagance of expression, rests substantially on a sound basis of common sense, that we consider his book valuable. It is a scholarly attempt, founded on a real basis of historical and literary knowledge, to bring before the reader the secret of the permanent value of Italian art. Mr. Symonds gives clear answers, though they may not be satisfactory to all minds, to many of the questions which the modern enthusiasm for Italian art raises in many minds.

DRYDEN'S SELECT PLAYS.

Select Dramatic Works of John Dryden. Edited by James Lockwood Seton. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The title of this volume leads us to expect more than we find between the covers. Mr. Seton says in his preface that he intended at one time to reprint a considerable number of Dryden's plays, but that on consideration one after another dropped from the list till finally it was reduced to two. Of the many plays that Dryden wrote, only two are judged suitable to the tastes of the present time. But why not have given a selection of remarkable acts and scenes, with a narrative of the context sufficiently copious to make them intelligible, and perhaps critical and explanatory comments intermixed? An account of Dryden's plays upon the plan of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' would be really valuable, because few people except those in search of mottoes for the chapters of novels would care to read them through, and yet they are sufficiently important in the history of the drama to make some acquaintance with them desirable. A volume at once interesting and valuable might be made in this way, and Dryden's plays are not of such delicate construction that it should be considered sacrilegious to take them to pieces and serve up their best passages for the entertainment of the general reader. No playwright ever wrote more deliberately to the level of his audience. In his earlier days he scoffed at the idea of writing plays for all time. In the prologue to the *Rival Ladies*, he says of himself—

> He's bound to please, not to write well, and knows
> There is a mode in plays as well as clothes.

He is never tired of protesting this doctrine. He protests it, in fact, so frequently in prefaces and prologues that the reader begins to doubt his sincerity, and to believe that it was only an assumption of modesty to make the triumph of his genius appear all the greater. Not that there is much in the plays as a rule to make us accuse Dryden of having had a higher opinion of them than he professes. They were written not to be read but to be acted—some of them to have their literary attractions supplemented by the stage carpenter and the property-man with such devices as demons swinging in the air muttering incantations, apparitions rising through trap-doors, splendid processions of personages in strange and gorgeous apparel; in short, with all the resources of the spectacular drama. The heroic drama with which Dryden's name is identified rode into England on the back of the spectacular drama. Davenant's attempts to naturalise it with the help of operatic music were a failure; its first real success was the *Indian Queen*. There would be no sacrilege in making selections from the two dozen or so of dramas with which Dryden supplied the stage, nor in giving a readable account of the character of all this productive activity, its origin and its influences.

Selections may be made with two objects, either to show the general character of a man's work, or to pick out the best things that he has done. It is upon the second of these principles that Mr. Seton has proceeded. *All for Love* and *Don Sebastian* are universally allowed to be Dryden's best plays. Some critics pronounce for the one, some for the other, but all agree that they are the only two competitors for the palm. If Mr. Seton had intended those plays to be representative of Dryden's work as a dramatist, the most obvious objection to his choice would have been that neither of them are in rhymed couplets, the form which Dryden, in the height of his pride as a successful dramatist, advocated as the only true form for heroic plays. Some six years before he wrote *All for Love*, he had with characteristic bravado

declared it to be established beyond dispute that all serious plays should be written in heroic verse; so completely, he said, had this form taken possession of the stage that he dared predict that very few tragedies in his time would be received without it. His advisers were so delighted with the new form that they congratulated him upon having thrown Shakespeare and Ben Jonson into the shade. Heroic verse was the development of a higher type of drama. Dryden was compelled to write better than his Elizabethan predecessors, or to be judged to have written worse, and he had escaped condemnation by writing better. But this intoxication with the new form did not last long. It was a very fleeting fashion. In *All for Love* Dryden returned to blank verse, and announced in his preface that, as he had taken his subject from Shakespeare, so he had made it his object to imitate Shakespeare's style; and with singular inconsistency, not to say ingratitude to those who had praised his heroic verse, declared that *All for Love* was "the only play written for himself, the rest were given to the people." The success of *All for Love* convinced him that public favour had not wholly departed from blank verse, and when he wrote *Don Sebastian*, several years later, having by that time incurred not a little unpopularity by his change of religion, and being compelled to put out all his strength if he wished to achieve success, he again chose the form of blank verse as that which gave him most scope for the exercise of his genius. The history of the rise and fall of the heroic drama, in which Dryden bore so conspicuous a part, is ignored by Mr. Seton, when he prints two plays in blank verse without a word of note or introduction. To this, of course, Mr. Seton may answer that it was no part of his scheme to illustrate Dryden's career as a dramatist, but only to reprint the two plays which show him at his best, and may still be read with pleasure.

In some commendatory verses prefixed to *The Conquest of Granada*, Lord Vaughan complimented Dryden in these lines:—

> You're equal to the best, outdone by you,
> Who had outdone themselves, had they lived now.

The compliment would hardly be endorsed now; still Dryden's effort to measure himself with Shakespeare in a new play on the loves of Antony and Cleopatra may yet be studied with interest. *All for Love* is a powerful play, but only the exaggerated admiration of the more regular form while it was still fresh, could have persuaded anybody to put it on a level with *Antony and Cleopatra* as a moving exhibition of heroic character and the play of human and superhuman tragic forces. The range of character is much more contracted, as well as the range of the action. Although Dryden professed to imitate Shakespeare's style, he confined the imitation to the metrical form; in the general form of the tragedy he aspired to what was then considered greater "correctness." The term "correctness" so applied has long since been discarded from criticism. We are content with distinguishing between the two forms of drama, of which *Antony and Cleopatra* and *All for Love* respectively are examples. It is, perhaps, a certain concession to the views of the heroic dramatists, that the tendency is to call their form by the name of "drama," while we apply to the other its own distinctive name of "history," or "chronicle history." The action in Shakespeare's play extends over several years, and comprises a multitude of scenes; the scene changing rapidly backwards and forwards between Rome, Alexandria, Syria, Misenum, Actium, and so forth. In Dryden's play the whole action takes place in Alexandria, within the compass of a few days. Shakespeare does not confine himself to the fortunes of Antony and Cleopatra; several other persons of great mark appear in the foreground—Pompey, Octavius Cæsar, Mæcenas, Agrippa. The proportions of history, as it were, are kept before the eyes of the audience; Antony and Cleopatra are first in dramatic importance, but still we are made to feel that their life moves in a corner of the world-wide canvas—pushed forward only for the moment, to retire again into the background. Antony and Cleopatra fill the whole of Dryden's canvas; Octavius Cæsar is but a shadowy figure in the distance, and the two lovers only are there in heroic proportions—their love is the only reality, their fate of much more consequence than the fate of kingdoms. We should not like to disparage the "correct" form of drama; the very highest human power may no doubt be spent upon it; but we doubt whether it can be called the highest form, and it is evident that the chronicle form, demanding the harmonisation of more numerous and more discordant materials, affords scope for the exercise of more comprehensive and vitally active genius. In the treatment of the characters of Antony and Cleopatra, Dryden also follows a definite course. In pursuance of the idea expressed in the title of the play, he makes them much more under the dominion of love than Shakespeare does—that is to say, the dominion of love over them is more uninterrupted, their impulses do not range so freely under it. Shakespeare's Antony, in the very height of his enjoyment, has sudden "Roman thoughts," as the poet calls them; he breaks away from Cleopatra of his own impulse. Dryden's Antony is so firmly attached that it takes scenes of persuasion and skilfully-prepared artifice to detach him from Cleopatra even in thought, and his soul returns to her violently before the rupture has been completed. On the other hand, the deeply-seated love of Shakespeare's Cleopatra plays through a superficial covering of caprices and meretricious coquetries, while the love of Dryden's Cleopatra is so intense that she cannot keep up for two sentences a pretence, to which she has reluctantly consented, of not loving him. In range of character, as well as in scope of action, the correct drama is much further removed from nature. The art depends upon the dramatist, and it must be confessed that within his narrower limits the art of Dryden is entitled to respect, even when put in comparison with Shakespeare's.

Mr. Seton admits none of Dryden's comedies among the number of his select plays. They are so bad that it would be difficult to select even scenes from them without omissions. They have all the coarseness of the Restoration comedies without any of their redeeming lightness or wit. Dryden professed to write them purely to suit the taste of the town, and on more than one occasion he proved too extravagantly coarse even for that standard.

THE HISTORY OF CAVALRY.

A History of Cavalry from the Earliest Times, with Lessons for the Future. By Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison, Author of 'Modern Cavalry.' London: Macmillan and Co.

At the present moment, when the Cossack is careering over the plains of Bulgaria, an account of what mounted troops have been, are, and may become, is especially opportune. It has been too hastily assumed in some quarters that, for the future, cavalry will be compelled to play quite a subordinate part in warfare. Colonel Denison combats this theory with perfect success, showing that we have but to adjust the armament of our mounted troops to the altered conditions of warfare to enable them to play a leading part in active operations. Where we have blundered, where we still blunder, is in arming our cavalry as if breechloaders and rifled cannon had never been invented. Anything more preposterous, for instance, than the equipment of the Household troopers could not be imagined. Their armour would be easily penetrated by rifle and revolver shots, they ride so heavily that a few forced marches would render them useless for a hard day of fighting, and their horses are altogether over-weighted for reconnoitring operations. Almost equal fault may be found with the rest of the English cavalry. One portion is supposed to be heavy, the other light; as a matter of fact, we have none of the latter, properly so called, in the service. Then, too, their arms are obsolete. Some valuable statistics given in the work before us conclusively show that, during the American civil war, cavalry armed with the sabre and lance were no match for those who

trusted to revolvers. To cite one instance only: there was a fight between a squadron of Mosby's troopers, armed with revolvers, and a squadron of Federal cavalry, carrying the usual weapons. On the Confederate side, only one man was killed, and the wounded were not many, while the Federals lost twenty-four killed and twelve wounded, out of a total strength of 100. Many similar cases might be mentioned, but the general opinion of the officers engaged on both sides suffices to prove that the revolver must inevitably become the cavalry weapon of the future. There need be no reason why the troopers should not also carry swords, while a certain proportion might even bear rifles, for use when temporarily dismounted. But the indispensable armament of the trooper will assuredly be a revolver of medium weight in either holster. This seems such a certainty, after the evidence afforded by recent wars, that it is unnecessary to enter into an exhaustive demonstration on the point. Those who desire to be informed, cannot do better than turn to the arguments set forth with admirable lucidity by Colonel Denison. They will be found completely convincing on that head. It is, unfortunately, a matter for question whether our present military authorities will ever see the necessity for creating a body of real light horse. We willingly grant that the English cavalry, as now constituted, leave nothing to be desired, if their only work in campaigns was to make splendid charges. Man for man, they would probably ride down the best troopers in the world, when it once came to a question of hand-to-hand fighting. Unfortunately for our system, that is the very quality which the modern conditions of warfare tend to render well-nigh valueless. Now and again it may be of commanding importance to launch a body of stalwart horsemen against an enemy, in order to hold the latter in check for a time. At the battle of Wörth, for instance, Marshal MacMahon deliberately sacrificed a brigade of cuirassiers and a regiment of lancers for the purpose of enabling the French right wing to retire. He lost his men, but he gained his object; so the sacrifice was fully compensated, on the theory that the end justifies the means in physical if not in spiritual warfare. Another well-known instance of the same sort occurred in the Franco-German War, when General Alvensleben hurled six squadrons against the French, with a full conviction that his gallant horsemen would be sacrificed. They were, for the most part; but their dashing charge kept the French in check until the German infantry were sufficiently strong to prevent the enemy's contemplated retreat on Verdun. For the performance of feats like these, it may possibly be necessary to have heavy cavalry, but we quite agree with Colonel Denison that they should not exceed in number one-fourth of the mounted force in any army. To military scientists it is a standing absurdity that the English army contains absolutely no heavy cavalry, properly speaking. To the best of our knowledge, this country could not place a similar force in the field to that which is now playing such a leading part in Bulgaria, even if the safety of vital "British interests" was really at stake. Where have we, except in distant India, a body of light troopers who could be safely trusted to act almost independently of infantry and artillery, in a hostile country, and at the same time to dispense with the services of an organised commissariat? The cavalry we possess is unquestionably good of its kind; perhaps the best in the world of its sort. But it is altogether obsolete as a machine of war, except for such special purposes as those we have previously mentioned. Nor can it be otherwise so long as it is formed of heavy men, heavily armed, who are taught little more than the art of charging throughout their whole service. In India, we find a model of what light cavalry ought to be. During the *régime* of the East India Company, some wiseacres in Leadenhall Street arrived at the sage conclusion that the native trooper ought to be converted into a sort of bastard dragoon. So they dressed him in sky-blue, they exchanged his loose clothing for a shell jacket, fitting like stays, and a pair of breeches that made one wonder how the unfortunate fellow ever got into such skin-tight contrivances, they made him ride with long stirrups and sit an English saddle, they armed him with a huge sword about as sharp as a shillelagh, and—he did not distinguish himself greatly in action. Yet when the very same class of natives were mounted and armed in their own fashion, they achieved as gallant deeds as any cavalry the world has ever seen. Most people have heard of the wonderful performances of Fane's and Probyn's irregulars; how they would ride hundreds of miles in an incredibly short time, and yet be ready for hard fighting at the end of the march. But no authentic record that we have chanced upon mentions similar achievements on the part of the too-much-strapped-and-buttoned regulars. They were embryonic dragoons, poor fellows, and when they were set to do the work of light cavalry they necessarily failed, not from any want of pluck, but because they had been converted into ridiculous nondescripts. We take it that the English cavalry, as at present constituted, would make an equally ignoble appearance if suddenly directed to undertake the duties performed by Uhlans and Cossacks. Yet they might be useful enough in their own line; our blunder lies in not converting a large proportion into such a force as could perform the functions of light horsemen under all circumstances. Colonel Denison considers, and fortifies his opinion with many solid arguments, that the light cavalry of an army should be at least thrice as numerous as the heavy. We question whether the proportion of the former ought not to be greater; indeed, it may be well doubted whether such overburdened horsemen as our dragoons and hussars will be in existence except among ourselves in another decade, even for heavy work. As arms of precision are improved, the chances of hand-to-hand encounters will diminish, and the leading merit of mounted troops will consist in extreme rapidity of movement, coupled with a faculty for self-maintenance. When this time comes, when each horse-soldier carries a couple of heavy revolvers, instead of having to trust solely to a blunt sabre or an unwieldy lance, it may be possible for light cavalry to charge home quite as effectively as heavy do at present. But before the English horse reaches that pitch of excellence, some attention will have to be paid to the cardinal maxim with which Colonel Denison concludes his interesting and instructive work. Treating of the evil influence now exercised by use and wont, precedent and routine, on our cavalry system, he writes:—"The effect of all this upon the intellect has never been properly appreciated. Officers living all their lives in an atmosphere where the repetition of apparently unmeaning duties forms the everyday occupation, where rule and line have laid down in advance the manner of performing every minute detail, cannot acquire that decisive vigorous promptitude of judgment and fertility of resource so necessary in the ever-changing conditions of active operations." We can but trust that this axiom will come under the attention of the War Office and Horse Guards. Warfare is getting to be altogether too precise a science to permit of faulty organisation remaining unpunished. During the last ten or twelve years, other nations have been at the trouble and cost of teaching us the changes that are imperatively necessary in the constitution of cavalry, in order to adapt that arm to modern requirements. The fault will lie with an official obtuseness and insular conceit if we do not utilise this gratis but invaluable instruction while yet there is time.

THE AMERICAN SENATOR.

The American Senator. By Anthony Trollope. In Three Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1877.

Mr. Trollope has not yet recovered from the attack of misanthropy from which he was suffering when he wrote 'The Way We Live Now.' He seems still to keep a special inkstand supplied with gall, for use when describing fashionable society, against which his rancour appears to be unbounded. When he penned the character of the heroine of his present story, for instance, the very paper must have blanched under

the withering impress of his quill. Arabella Trefoil is the name of this young lady, the conventional ball-room beauty of fiction. Mr. Trollope is not content with painting her heartless, mercenary, and unfilial, but, to make her moral deficiencies the more hideously glaring, contrasts with her the equally familiar character of the stereotyped country maiden, innocent and simple-minded to an almost imbecile pitch, the uncomplaining victim of maternal harshness. The chequered courses of the love affairs of each of these damsels, in alternate chapters, make the story. The first obstacle which a reader of this book has to encounter, is a thickset hedge of pedigree complications, through which probably no one but the talented author has ever cared to penetrate. This is a rather favourite habit with Mr. Trollope, and those who are accustomed to his ways are prepared to skip the first two chapters of his books. After scaling the Morton family tree, however, we get to the beginning of the story, and are introduced to Mr. Masters, an attorney, the father of the Dresden Shepherdess, and perhaps the only amiable character in the book. By making the parent of one heroine a lawyer, and the lover of the other the defendant in a suit, Mr. Trollope is able to connect with the romantic part of his novel, a somewhat tedious law-case relating to fox-hunting, upon which the American Senator, Mr. Elias Gotobed, gives us many ponderous dissertations. This character, we may here remark, has nothing whatever to do with the subject of the book. He is hauled in by the ears, and posted at the corner of Mr. Trollope's stage to comment on the working of the plot, like a Greek chorus. He only occasionally chimes in with a rambling letter to a friend in Micawa about English Parliaments, or with an impossible stump speech, in St. James's Hall, on fox-hunting.

The contrast between the artless love of the village beauty and the sordid machinations of the London belle is elaborately sustained throughout. The guileless country wench, who rather reminds us of Marguerite in *Petit Faust*, prudently persists in refusing a most eligible young farmer, and sets her dainty little muslin cap at a wealthy squire of forty, whom she finally secures. The wily adventuress, on the other hand, is deceived by the attentions of a sporting peer, and has finally to content herself with a civil servant in Patagonia.

We are not told at any length what Mary Masters, the rustic phenomenon, was like, beyond that she had "large, soft, thoughtful, grey eyes," which she apparently knew very well how to use. Of her victim we are told that he had a "light beard, which was always clipped," and that "though his mother had been an innkeeper's daughter in Montreal, he had the Morton blue eyes and the handsome well-cut Morton nose."

Arabella Trefoil is described with the conventional bitterness that novelists seem to feel bound by usage to assume, when painting that particular type of heroine:—"She was a big fair girl, whose copious hair was managed after such a fashion that no one could guess what was her own, and what was purchased. She certainly had fine eyes, though I could never imagine how anyone could look at them and think it possible that she should be in love. . . . But the charm of which men spoke the most was the brilliance of her complexion. If, as the ladies said, it was all paint, she or her maid must have been a great artist. . . . She had long known that it was her duty to marry, and especially her duty to marry well." Both these duties must have been attended with considerable difficulty, as it would be hard to find a husband with a sufficient amount of congenial vulgarity to be equal to any interchange of ideas with such a woman. The correspondence between her and Lord Rufford is perhaps the cleverest part of the book. But we do not wonder that he makes an effort to avoid meeting her again, after receiving such a letter as her first—written after a two days' acquaintance—in the course of which she says:—"Don't go and gamble away your money among a lot of men. Though I dare say you have got so much that it doesn't signify whether you lose some of it or not. I do think it such a shame that a man like you should have such a quantity, and that a poor girl such as I am, shouldn't have enough to pay for her hats and gloves. . . . I have not had much experience in signing myself to young gentlemen, and am therefore quite in as great a difficulty as you were; but, though I can't swear that I am everything that you like best, I will protest that I am pretty nearly what you ought to like—as far as young ladies go. In the meantime, I certainly am—Yours truly, A. T." Lord Rufford himself is hardly a paragon of refinement; but no doubt he had to adapt his conversation to that of his fair friend. When they are driving home together, after a day's hunting, for instance, he asks her, "Would you like to go to sleep?" "O dear no." "Afraid of gloves?" said he, drawing nearer to her. And when they get home he counsels her to go to her room and lie down. On the whole, they were pretty well suited to one another, and would probably have got on very well together as husband and wife.

In finding fault with a novel by the veteran pen of Mr. Trollope, censure can of course be only comparative; but, having premised this much, we must say that our appreciation of the author's novelistic ability is too great for us not to be disappointed in this present work. Character is scarce, and the story is attenuated and uninteresting.

We can only hope that a tropical sun will reopen the petals of Mr. Trollope's imagination, and elicit something more worthy than the 'American Senator.'

PRIMÆVAL SWITZERLAND.

The Primæval World of Switzerland. With 500 Illustrations. By Professor Heer, of the University of Zurich. Edited by J. Heywood, M.A., F.R.S. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1876.

If anyone is yet to be found, who cherishes the idea that a diligent pursuit of science is incompatible with the development of the imaginative faculties, if not antagonistic to the very existence of a poetic spirit, he need only turn to the volumes before us for a conclusive refutation of his opinions. Here he will find that the magic wand of science has so successfully resuscitated, and given continuity of form and structural completeness to the dried bones, withered leaves, and crumbled dust of a primæval world, that they seem to be nearly as life-like and real as the forms and outlines of the Switzerland that now exists. Indeed, it might almost be objected to Professor Heer's work that in its ideal pictorial representations of fossilised animal and vegetable life, as it appeared at various remote phases of the world's history, and in its glowing word-painting which leaves no detail of the picture incomplete, it puts too heavy a strain on the ordinary reader's faith in the rehabilitative powers of science. We may be ready enough to admit that an anatomist might reconstruct a skeleton from a single bone, hoof, or tooth, and that a palæonto-phytologist, like Professor Heer, might be able to ideally reproduce a tree from a leaf or a seed-vessel, but we can scarcely accept as equally beyond question vivid pictures of the scenery of an infinitely remote past, in which long-armed monkeys constituted the Adam and Eve of a Miocene paradise, or mammoths and reindeer roamed through Swiss valleys, whilst icebergs were for the second time retreating from Central Europe, after having twice replaced an earlier tropical vegetation. Travellers who have seen Professor Holzbach's large oil painting of Swiss Miocene life which hangs in one of the rooms of the Geological Museum at Zurich, will recognise the source of some of these palæontological sea- and land-scapes. As a geological *jeu d'esprit* such a production may be well enough, but in a scientific treatise it seems to us out of place. Such, however, is evidently not Professor Heer's opinion, since he has not scrupled to give a similarly free scope to his own imagination in reconstructing scenery to illustrate his descriptions of Switzerland during every phase of its evolutionary progress through the primæval ages. Accordingly, we have, amongst many other analogous representations, a picture of

Basle in the Keuper period; of Delsberg, when coral reefs and atolls were flourishing in the Jurassic districts; and of Dürnten in the comparatively recent Quaternary period, when the elephant, rhinoceros, and cave bear were roving freely over the site of that now peaceful commune. Dr. Heer's translators, not content with his supply of primæval scenic rehabilitations, have borrowed from Professor Holzbach's picture a very pretty little bit of scenery, intended to illustrate the animal and vegetable life of the Miocene age as it appeared at Oeningen, near Constance.

If objections may fairly be raised against fanciful designs of this nature, there can be only one opinion in regard to the excellence of the numerous woodcuts which accompany the verbal descriptions of all the principal objects referred to in the work. Similar praise is due to the plates, and to the coloured geological map, in which the different formations are very clearly marked.

Dr. Heer writes from the very fulness of his knowledge, and with an enthusiasm that carries the reader with him. His work is as remarkable for the minute exactitude with which he treats the individual details that supply the evidence on which he bases his conclusions, as for the eloquence and animation with which he sums up the generalisations to which they have led him. The completeness with which these distinct portions of the work have been drawn up, make it alike valuable to the student and the tourist; for while the former will here find a *resumé* of all the important facts that Switzerland has yielded towards the elucidation of some of the most interesting geological problems, the latter cannot fail to derive a heightened sense of enjoyment when he has learnt what the author has to tell him concerning the stupendous convulsions of Nature to which the scenery around him owes its most marked features.

Professor Heer begins his work by considering the remains to be found in Switzerland of the Early Carboniferous period. Passing on, step by step, through the successive geological epochs, he pauses to enumerate the vestiges left by each new order of Nature, till he finally reaches those comparatively recent times to which belong the earliest evidence of man's presence, as it is revealed to us in the charred and rotten piles of human lacustrine habitations, and in the shreds and sherds that constitute the *débris* of primitive Swiss industry. The author's mode of accomplishing his task is extremely clear. After describing at length all the plants and animals which have left a trace of their presence in beds belonging to a special epoch, he examines them by the comparative light of the existing flora and fauna, as these have been studied by himself both in tropical and arctic regions, and from the materials thus brought to his hand he reanimates those infinitely remote primæval worlds in which heat and cold alternately reigned supreme. Thus we are made to recognise that there must have been a time when the whole of the crystalline rocks which form the axis of the central Alps stood forth above far-stretching waters—a long low-lying marshy island—covered with plants which needed for their full development a steaming sultry atmosphere, such as the earth in its infancy must have derived rather from its own yet unquenched internal fires than from direct solar influences. The colossal trunks of the lepidodendra and calamites which our coal-beds have preserved to us as the mute witnesses of this phase of primæval life, and which are now alone represented by our creeping club mosses and stunted marestails, leave no doubt that in the Carboniferous period a nearly identical high temperature must have prevailed over the greater part of our globe; since wherever these remains can be traced, they bear one and the same character of tropical vegetation. As evoked by the force of science, the Carboniferous age presents us with a world of horrors scarcely to be surpassed by the most weird-like creations of fancy. The absence of sunlight, which was as yet incapable of penetrating through the steaming atmosphere of the hot earth, precluded the existence of higher animals or of flowering plants. Hence the vegetation must have been monotonous, and the stillness of the forests, marshes, and waters unbroken except by the faint sound of the few nocturnal insects, such as cockroaches and white ants, which lived in the torrid night of that long period of the earth's history, which, taken at its most moderate estimate, must have endured for thousands of years.

As the records of time are unrolled before us, the interest heightens with the augmented numbers and greater familiarity of the forms presented to us. However countless in hundreds of thousands of years may be the period that separates the Carboniferous age from that which has given to mankind another substance almost equally important with coal, namely, salt, there is nothing in Switzerland that betrays the reign of the intermediate, or Permian epoch, except the presence of copper. In the Jurassic age, we see a picturesque Switzerland, not, as now, far removed from oceanic influences, but then consisting of a dense archipelago of coral-isles, blooming reefs, and verdant atolls, rising out of the vast sea which covered a considerable part of Europe.

Remains of marine animals and algæ, at Bef and Glärnisch, mark the primæval boundary of this sea, while the innumerable masses of sea-urchins, feather-starfish, and molluscous shells which are found at Rädersdorf and near Günzberg, mixed confusedly together in every degree of fragmentary ruin, sufficiently attest the occurrence of some sudden and stupendous convulsion of Nature, by which all these inhabitants of a marine element were destroyed and buried *in situ*.

Professor Heer's intimate acquaintance with the fossil and living forms of plants in Madeira, and his careful study of the fauna and flora of the arctic regions, have supplied him with a valuable key to the solution of many important questions connected with the climate of primæval Switzerland. In his opinion, the temperature of Central Europe during the Miocene age was very similar to that which now prevails in tropical insular regions. He, moreover, believes that the change from this high range of heat to the cold of the glacial ages must have been brought about by numerous alternations of temperature, requiring for their accomplishment enormous periods of time. Professor Heer considers that we are justified in assuming that Central Europe experienced two distinct glacial epochs. The occurrence of this double visitation of cold is, he thinks, unmistakeably indicated by the widely different directions in which the boulders of the Rhone basin are dispersed; while Professor Morlot further believes that we have grounds for conjecturing that the Rhone glacier had once advanced past the lake of Geneva into the valley of the Valais, and that after an interval during which the glaciers entirely disappeared from the Swiss plains, a second glacial epoch brought the Rhone glacier as far as the basin of the lake.

Since it appears to be a widely diffused article of belief that Switzerland has been specially ordained to serve grown-up children as a healthful playground after the wear and tear of professional work, it may not be amiss to remind Swiss tourists that no part of the known world presents a nobler field for original research. Here better than in any other region, the history of our earth may be traced back to ages long before there were men in existence to climb its mountains or paddle its waters. To those who are, or who desire to become, interested in the primæval condition of a country whose existing aspects are so familiar to the general English traveller, no more instructive or fascinating book than Dr. Heer's could be presented. We only wonder that it has waited ten years for a translator. To the latter, however, and to the editor, all thanks are now due for the care and fidelity with which they have accomplished their labours. But why, we may ask, have they adopted the awkward form of using the third person in giving the author's statements. To meet with sentences beginning, "Professor Heer is of opinion"; "Professor Heer sees reason for denying"; "Professor Heer knows no instance," &c., comes upon the reader as an unpleasant check to the friendly relations in which he would naturally wish to stand towards so agreeable an author, and is nearly

as chilling and irritating, as if a familiar friend were to conduct his epistolary correspondence with us in the ceremonious formula of the third person.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

The Soldier of Fortune. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By the Hon. J. Leicester Warren. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is eleven years since Mr. Warren made his first mark in the world of poetry by the publication of his classic drama of "Philoctetes." The new poem was anonymous, or, still worse, signed only with the initials "M.A.," by which the author certainly intended to show that he was a Master of Arts, but which more than one critic sagely identified with those of Mr. Matthew Arnold. "Merope" is not Mr. Arnold's happiest production, and "Philoctetes" may safely be preferred to it. It is, in fact, a much mellower and sweeter poem, less weighted with philosophy, and more musical and graceful. The stir which its publication created was considerably greater than an anonymous work of the kind usually awakes, and its success, if not very extended, was assured. In 1867 "Philoctetes" was followed by another drama on the Greek model, "Orestes," a poem in every way superior to the former, stronger, more human, and more subtly dramatic. For some wholly unexplained reason, we remember, "Orestes" slipped almost unnoticed through the hands of the reviewers. Whether the anonymity of the poet had become irritating, or whether the form of the Greek drama is essentially too severe to interest the average English reader, or, finally, whether the critics were disappointed to find that the Orestes of Mr. Warren's tragedy had nothing to do with the hero of the Æschylean trilogy, at all events the poem failed to attract public attention. This neglect was singularly undeserved. "Orestes" is not only the finest work that its author has hitherto presented to us, but in a positive as well as comparative sense it is a very fine and original drama, full of heroic passages, and interpenetrated by a fine analytic knowledge of character. "Orestes" is a poem which English readers will have to rediscover one of these days.

Yet we are not sure that either in "Orestes" or in "Philoctetes" the accomplished poet found the true word given him to say, or the true form in which to say it. Not the genius of Daniel, not the prestige of his fair patroness and fellow-poet, the Countess of Pembroke, could constrain the Elizabethans to study or imitate their classical dramas. The rugged edges of a rhymeless choral lyric tease us even in "Samson Agonistes." It may be safely said that, without some modern charm of style, such as Mr. Swinburne has employed, a modern drama on the Sophoclean model is almost intolerable. Mr. Warren has allowed ten years to go by without presenting us with another play, and we fear he will accuse us of an inveterate churlishness if we say that we are less pleased with "The Soldier of Fortune" than with either of its predecessors. The charge of classic severity cannot at least be brought against it; it is a full-blown romantic chronicle-play of Gothic passion and exuberant emotion. It passes all the usual limits of a play, and deals, not with a single group of actions, but with the intrigues of a lifetime. From every point of view, it seems to us that Mr. Warren has wished to say to his critics, "You object to the severity and concentration of the Greek drama, and to the rigidity of the antique manner; very well, you shall now have the exact opposite of all this. I will be lax and diffuse, richly-coloured and amorphous, to your heart's delight." And still they are not pleased, these indolent reviewers!

The plot of "The Soldier of Fortune" may be thus briefly stated. An old king, Sigismund, ruler of some great realm which he has allowed to sink into weakness, has but one child, a daughter, Adelheid. When the drama begins, his castle and town of Arnheim, the key of his frontier, have been stormed by an invading army. Conrad, the general of his army, against whom the king preserves a secret, deadly hatred, marches against the enemy, and, with infinite skill and prowess, retakes Arnheim. He is in love, however, with Adelheid, and this suit, which he dares to urge, enrages Sigismund to the forgetting of his recent benefit. The king signs a mandate for his death. A clever dwarf, Raban, urges Conrad to kill the king. He cannot screw up his courage to the point of murder, and Raban has to do it himself. In the uproar and chaos, Conrad is elected king. He marries Adelheid, and the first deed of the new couple is to have Raban executed. So the second act closes, and a lapse of years brings us to the third, in which the queen is no longer young or beautiful, and discontent and rebellion are spread around them. The king rides out to the mountains to hunt, and comes upon an old castle, where a girl of matchless beauty, Violet, wins his affection by her innocent charms. Unaware that he is the king, she goes through a form of marriage with him, and after a while his infatuation reaches such a pitch that he brings her to his capital, where he has provided a palace for her reception. Adelheid, thus insulted, vows revenge; but the moment for it she chooses with an eye to theatrical effect. A neighbouring king comes to betroth his infant daughter with the infant son of Conrad and Adelheid. All is prepared in the cathedral, but the queen is absent. At last she enters, stoled in black, with her maids bearing the prince in his cradle. She denounces her husband to the ambassadors and the people, and then, opening the curtains of the cradle, shows where her son lies dead, poisoned by her own hand. She then dies herself. Scouts rush in, bearing news of the utter defeat of Conrad's forces, and he himself falls on the body of Adelheid. "Had Zimri peace who slew his master," is the moral of the story.

This romantic narrative is undoubtedly interesting, but its interest is not peculiarly dramatic, while its treatment, at the extent of more than 400 pages, is excessively wire-drawn. There is no lack of poetry; genuine imagination, ingenious and delicate fancy, minute and sympathetic knowledge of nature, are displayed to excess in every scene, but the whole tone is feverish and crude. If Mr. Warren had been content to cut out half the rhetoric and a third of the tropes, he would have infinitely strengthened the effect of what remained. At his best moments Mr. Warren approaches, in single lines and passages, very near to the old Elizabethan richness of metaphor. Such a line as

> Yet, as I read, behind my lattice-roses,
> *On worm-drilled vellums of old-world revenges,*

is exactly like one of the sudden felicities of an early dramatist, but in the modern case they are perhaps produced with too great an effort. It is a blemish, too, on a play, that it should have much poetry of the efflorescent sort; it checks the action, and interferes with the genuine development of intrigue and passion. The third scene of the second act of "The Soldier of Fortune" exemplifies this axiom. In this scene there are but two persons introduced, and there is no action at all. The scene extends over twenty-eight pages, during the whole of which Adelheid converses with her maid, learning from the latter what passed at a royal feast the night before. The language is studded with beauties, there is even a lush profusion of charming bits, each enough to set a poor poet on his legs for a whole scene, but of dramatic propriety there is nothing. The reader will especially note that, on p. 126, when Adelheid is in an agony of apprehension and longs to learn a fact, the maid keeps her waiting through more than four pages of sheer description. To show how excellent in itself this writing can be, however, we must give one example out of several we had marked for quotation. Conrad compares Adelheid's fate to Medea's, and she questions "who was she?"—

> The pathos of a dim and ruined face,
> Which from the poet's pages, in strange sweetness,
> Looks down a thousand years, and makes the world
> Wan with supreme regret and answering tears.
> A fair great queen of very long ago,
> Against whose virgin lattice the grey fringe
> Of the black Euxine withered on her walls,
> Or crusted in its salt her casement flowers,

Or, inland hurled with volumes of rough wind,
Made the glass glaucous on the barren domes.
There in the day-beam she grew beautiful,
And moonlight gave her softness, till she heard
A silence in the garden of her youth,
A crisping in the branches of her dreams,
And a strange footstep.—But this happened, dearest,
Far, far away, out of our world almost,
And ages back.

We cannot allow Mr. Warren to leave us with this impression of partial failure. He must soon present us with a volume which shall represent his genius in a more congenial form. He has shown in his three dramas almost every gift which a poet needs to impress himself favourably on the memory of the public, except the power of condensation and repression. But in this very power consists much of the peculiar essence of style, and we would recommend to Mr. Warren, with every acknowledgment of his other brilliant gifts, that he should not disdain to cultivate the saddest of all arts—the art to blot. Ben Jonson was of opinion that a very successful dramatist would have improved his writings by a similar study.

MINOR NOTICES.

Foreign Classics for English Readers. Dante. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.)—Whatever Mrs. Oliphant does she is sure to do well, and we were therefore prepared to be pleased with the first volume of the 'Foreign Classics for English Readers.' Nor were we disappointed. It is for its size, scope, and aim, one of the best works on Dante in English. It does not, of course, assume or attempt to be a keenly critical estimate of Dante, such as is Professor Vincenzo Botta's book on Dante, but is an admirably written short account of the great Florentine poet, such as will give those who have no time to study, or are about to begin his works, a clear and comprehensive understanding of the man and of his labours. At the same time it will remain a charmingly readable essay for those to whom the works of Dante are familiar. After a brief beginning chapter devoted to his troubled life, Mrs. Oliphant at once undertakes an explanation of the immortal "Vita Nuova," and it would not be easy to imagine a task demanding so much delicate appreciation and feeling more admirably fulfilled. The difficult question of its meaning is dismissed by Mrs. Oliphant in a few sensible words that deserve quotation:—"No book, probably, has ever been so much discussed. To some critics it has seemed an allegory from beginning to end, and these writers have found in the peerless Beatrice no true woman at all, but only an emblem of heavenly wisdom, the highest light and inspiration of the soul. This far-fetched theory we are fortunately not called upon to discuss; for we cannot believe that any new reader, approaching the wonderful tale with an unbiassed mind, could ever imagine a love so tremulous with delicate passion, so absorbing and all-pervading, to be addressed to an abstract quality. There is, however, a second question, when this is disposed of, which has excited many minds, and that is, whether the love of Dante for Beatrice was the mild worship of a Platonic affection, or the hotter and less reasonable love which in its force of passion appropriates to itself exclusively that divine name. Upon this subject almost every reader will form his own conclusion." The condensation of the "Divine Comedy" is very well done; the quotations in verse are Mrs. Oliphant's own renderings, made especially interesting by being in the difficult metre of the original—the *terza rima*. To fulfil all the requirements of this form of verse, Mrs. Oliphant is frequently driven to the necessity of somewhat loose translation, and the interpolation of words, and occasionally lines, wholly foreign to the text, as well as the inversion of words; but, as a whole, they are exceedingly good and musical, though of necessity lacking the somewhat tuneless fidelity of Longfellow's translation. Mrs. Oliphant hardly makes enough of the prose works that are the least known of all Dante's writings, and especially of the all-important 'De vulgari Eloquio.' Nor does Mrs. Oliphant discuss at all Dante's poems apart from the "New Life" and the "Divina Commedia." This is a pity, as the subject, in itself exceedingly interesting, might have called forth some appropriate remarks upon the influence of Provençal poetry upon Dante. It was to a Provençal poet, Arnaut Daniel, that Dante owed the sextine, that most difficult of difficult verse-forms which he himself was the first to introduce into Italian poetry.

Poems. By Ernest Myers. (Macmillan and Co.)—The modest title of "Poems" serves to conceal a work that, apart from its own intrinsic merits of metre and melody, has an especial interest to the student of contemporary poetry. Mr. Myers' poems help to show how deeply a writer may become saturated by the thoughts, language, and mannerisms of a ruling school of poetry—so saturated that, remove those thoughts and mannerisms, and of the poetry there would be nothing left at all, while the poetry itself reproduces of its original everything except its originality, its defects but not its merits, its weakness but never its strength. Mr. Myers, as a poet, exists only because a certain prominent school of poetry exists; everything about his volume, from the now familiar deep blue cover to the last line it contains, is literally steeped in repetition of the well-known models. It is so easy to know what will be in a volume of this kind. There are of course the poems with a Latin heading, the poem prefaced by a Greek quotation, the poems having some classification connected with Love (as in this case, "Love's Adversaries") the poems of Greece, of Rome, of modern Italy, the passionate poem, &c., each moulded upon some particular feature of one of the models. It is rather hard upon these models for their followers to make the world familiar only with their formulas, and weary it with their phrases into annoyed oblivion of their own fresh vitality. Mr. Myers is both a ready and a graceful disciple, but disciple and imitator he of course is. In the first poem, "The World's Winter," are these lines and many other like them:—

Once, from the brows of Might,
Leapt with a cry to light
Pallas the Forefighter;
Then straight to strive with her
She called the Lord of Sea
In Royal rivalry.
For Athens, the supreme of things,
The company of crownless kings,
A splendid strife the Queen began,
In that her kingdom making man,
Not less than equal her own line
Inhabiting the hill divine.

This might be a discarded fragment of "Erechtheus." In another poem we find these lines:—

Not otherwise to the hall of Hades dim
He fares, than if some summer eventide
A message, not unlooked for, came to him,
Bidding him rise up presently and ride
Some few hours' journey to a friendly home,
Through fading light, to where within the West,
Behind the shadow of Cithaeron's brows,
The calm-eyed sun sank to his rosy rest.

Of course the person in this poem "fares." Without "fares" the disciples could not get on at all. The last two verses we have quoted are exceedingly pretty—exceedingly "sweet," to use a favourite word with the school, yet more favourite with the imitators—but it is pretty as the red reflected light on a window-pane at sunset is pretty: it has not the originality of a rushlight. One more quotation can express another phase of the imitation:—

I would to God, my darling, you and I
Were lying somewhere very silently
Beneath the green sod of a mountain glen,
A place untilled, and far from feet of men,
Yet not with stones made rough, not hard and bare,
But greensward slopes with scattered woodland fair,
And there should be no birds to mock at us
With their full notes of descant amorous;
No nightingale should madden the sweet air
With passion such as ours in days that were;
For that is long since over and quite gone,
And our hearts can but ache to think thereon.

When the author occasionally departs from his models, as in "The Wreck of the *Birkenhead*," he is not so happy. Thackeray's few words about the heroes of this event who "succumbed to the powers above and went down in good order," have more true pathos than any number of columns of tolerable verse. The translation of Horace's "O Fons Bandusiæ,' is one of the best things in the volume :—

O crystal-clear Bandusian spring,
Well worthy the sweet offering
Of wine with flowers engarlanding.

A kid to-morrow morn I vow,
Whose budding horns upon his brow
Foretell his lustihood,
His fights and loves; but all in vain,
So soon his sacrifice must stain
The rills of thy cold flood.

The fiery dogstar's angry heat
Touches not thee; thy cool retreat
The tired plough-oxen know and love,
And all the flocks that round thee rove
Have found thy water sweet.
Thou, too, with famous streams shalt be
Enrolled in new nobility,
For sake of this thy song that sings
The oak-crowned rocks whereat thy springs
Come leaping laughingly.

Mr. Myers might with advantage devote his ready style and graceful ease to translation. There are many things in the by-ways of all literature yet unknown, for which mannerisms and affectations, the set words, the set ideas, and invariable expressions that will probably seem to another generation as strange as della Crusca and as artificial, would matter little if at all.

The Best Reading. Hints on the Selection of Books; on the Formation of Libraries, &c. Edited by F. B. Perkins. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This work, which comes from New York, is a new edition of a work brought out by the late G. P. Putman in 1872. Its professed object is the guidance of librarians and private purchasers in buying books, but it will be found exceedingly useful as a work of reference to all modern publications, both English and American, that are now supposed to be in the market. It contains, however, a good many misprints, and several curious omissions, that very much diminish the extent of its serviceableness.

The Deserted Village. By Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by G. W. Forrest and Francis Storr. (Thacker, Spink, and Co.)—Quite a model edition. The introductory sketch of Goldsmith's life is exact, without being heavy. The notes are especially designed for use in the Anglo-vernacular and High Schools in India, and deal with the matter of the poem as well as the etymology of its words. Thus we find annexed to the famous lines—

A time there was, ere England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man—

some well-chosen notes on the population of England, and the connexion between that and its prosperity and happiness.

MUSIC.

"LE VISPE COMARI DI WINDSOR."

Such is the somewhat incorrect Italian rendering of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the title of an opera by Nicolai, produced last Saturday at Covent Garden. The libretto, it need hardly be said, is founded on Shakespeare's play, and no severer test could have been applied to the intrinsic humour of that play than the transmogrifying process of operatic adaptation. But Shakespeare has painted with so broad a brush the amorous entanglements of the fat knight; his ignominious escape in the clothes-basket, or as the old woman of Brentford, are so indestructible in their main features, that no amount of miscellaneous airs and duets and ensembles can wholly deface them. Like a story after its migration from East to West from the Vedanta to Grimm's fairy tales, Sir John and his merry tricksters at first look strange on the operatic boards; but when we have once become accustomed to their singing Italian instead of talking plain English, we soon recognise our old friends, and are pleased accordingly. It is also but just to the German dramatist—for the original libretto was written in that language—to say that upon the whole he has accomplished his difficult task with taste and skill. His adherence to Shakespeare's play in all essentials is especially laudable, his chief aim having been to simplify the plot and reduce the number of the *dramatis personæ*. Nym, and Pistol, and Bardolph, and mine host of the Garter, have had to submit to this process, and so has the valorous encounter between the Welsh parson and the French doctor. But these characters and incidents, after all, are but fanciful arabesques on Shakespeare's canvas, enlivening the course of the action with their humorous byplay, but without *raison d'être* in an operatic libretto. The only modification of the plot occurs in the last scene, where Dr. Caius and Slender, instead of being wedded each to a "great lubberly boy," espouse each other to their increased mutual discomfiture. Of Nicolai's music not much need be said. The opera is not altogether new in England, having been twice before performed in London, for the last time in 1867, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The composer, although German by birth, betrays few of the peculiarities of the school of that country. His style is a mixture of French gaiety and grace with a distinctly Italian type of melodious formation, German training being apparent only in the more careful structure of the concerted pieces. Music of this kind, if produced by a master of his craft, may be listened to with undisturbed pleasure. Everything is sparkling and bright. There is no long-winded pretentiousness, no absolute triviality to shock our æsthetic feeling, but also no strong emotion of any kind such as is the result of high art-work. Nicolai knows how to write a sentimental lovesong, *vide* Fenton's charming "Odi canta lusignuol;" he also can depict two angry women bent on revenge—the exquisite duet between Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page towards the beginning of the opera is sufficient proof of it; and his command of orchestral effect is evinced beyond a doubt by the overture, exquisitely rendered and rapturously encored on the present occasion. But here his faculty ends. He is wanting in that great test of true dramatic vocation—the power of developing, or, more properly speaking, of musically re-creating a character; a power as difficult to define but as easy to recognise in music as it is in poetry itself. The Page in *Figaro*, Nevers in the *Huguenots*, or almost any character in Wagner's later operas, are instinct with individual life; every phrase they declaim, every snatch of melody they sing, belongs to them, and is part of their being. The same cannot be said of Mrs. Ford or Mrs. Page, who are scarcely distinguished from each other, nor yet of their comprehensive admirer, a character eminently suited for musical delineation. Mozart or Rossini would have made a striking *tableau de genre* of the fat knight; in Nicolai's version, he indulges in musical tall talk and sings drinking songs, but there are few traces of sustained psychological conception on the composer's part. Another serious drawback of the score is its total want of local colour. Nothing more emphatically un-English could well be imagined than this opera. In a foreign composer, this is of course a pardonable offence; but the idea suggests itself, what a marvellous subject for a gifted English musician the *Merry Wives* would be—how he might, to borrow Falstaff's phrase, "thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves,'" and accompany the fairy-dances and mummeries of the last act with music as charming as it would be characteristic of the temporal and local surroundings. But these of course are dreams of Utopia. In the meantime we must be satisfied with the charming bits of romantic horn music and the lively dance rhythms by which Herr Nicolai has illustrated the moonlit night and the fairy revels of Windsor Forest. The opera was a decided success, and will no doubt keep its place in the *répertoire* for many seasons to come. Nothing but praise is due to the performance.

Mlle. Thalberg was a most fascinating Mrs. Ford, and we never heard her fine voice to greater advantage than in the somewhat lengthy scena in the first act, or in the duet with Mrs. Page, rendered to absolute perfection by her and Mlle. Scalchi. Equal praise is due to Mlle. Bianchi's Anne Page, quite a little cabinet picture of innocence and half-childish love. Signor Piazza, the representative of Fenton, is the typical sweet-voiced tenor, and his romanza of the nightingale, already referred to, earned a well-deserved encore. Slender, perhaps the most successful attempt at characterisation in the piece, was well rendered by Signor Rosario. It is true that he has to do little more than look sentimental and sigh "Sweet Anne Page" at certain intervals. It would be unfair to judge Signor Capponi's Falstaff from an English point of view. The significance of Shakespeare's Sir John had evidently escaped him; but as a jovial reprobate, of somewhat indistinct type and nationality, he left little to be desired. But he showed too little of the gentleman and boon companion of princes in his bearing. The parts of Mr. Ford, Mr. Page, and Dr. Caius, were ably filled by Signors Pandolfini, Scolara, and Caracciolo. Dresses and scenery in the first acts were appropriate, and might pass for Elizabethan; but in the masque, the orthodox gauze and tights were painfully in the ascendant. Signor Bevignani conducted.

MR. PRATT'S MATINÉE.

The concert of the young American composer and pianist announced in our last issue took place on Monday last, before a numerous and appreciative audience. The programme, as is usual on such occasions, was of a somewhat miscellaneous kind, the *répertoire* of the Italian stage being largely drawn upon by the various singers. Amongst the contributions of this class we single out the refined rendering of the well-worn aria, "Qui la voce," from Bellini's *Puritani*, by Mlle. Rosavella. Mme. Antoinette Sterling gave a highly interesting ballad, and Mr. Shakespeare a spirited song of Mr. Pratt's composition. Two pieces by Chopin, played on the pianoforte by Mr. Pratt, were received with much applause, as were also two of his own *pièces de salon*, a charmingly simple "melody," and a somewhat diffuse "dream," remarkable chiefly for the clever introduction of an American tune. As a composer Mr. Pratt belongs decidedly to the modern German school of music. The influence of Liszt and Wagner is observable in the structure of his music, and actual reminiscence is not always avoided. Of this dependence, the young composer will no doubt free himself in time, and there are in his work hopeful signs of original power. His compositions produced a favourable impression on his audience, and the tenor song, especially if heard more frequently, might become a favourite at our chamber concerts. We have seen some of Mr. Pratt's larger compositions, which show him to be a proficient writer for the orchestra. He has also composed an opera to a libretto of his own.

VARIORUM NOTES.

It is rather strange that Prince Vladimir Tcherkaski, the Russian Governor of Bulgaria, should be a Turk. He belongs to one of the numerous families invested with the title of prince on their conversion to Christianity. His ancestor was the Sultan of Egypt, Inal, who died in 1453. Of the descendants of this Sultan in the fifth generation, Maria Temgrukoffna, after being baptised, became the second wife of Ivan the Terrible, and died 1569. Her cousin, Koroshai Mursa, became a convert to Christianity also, and received the title and baptismal name of Prince Gabriel Kambulatovitch. He married Martha Nikitishna Romanoff, sister of the patriarch Philaretes, and aunt of the first Czar of the House of Romanoff. Through these connexions with the ruling families, the Tcherkaskis occupied a prominent position. The present prince was born in 1824, entered the Imperial service in 1849, and was entrusted with the emancipation of the serfs in Poland in 1860–2. In 1866 he left the service, and became burgomaster of Moscow. He has assiduously prepared himself for his present task, is perfectly master of the Bulgarian language, and has thoroughly studied the country and the people.

The arms of the Tourvilles—an arm brandishing a naked sword on a red field—are rather significant of the fate of the last of the race and his victim. The family is one of the oldest in Normandy. Its founder was William de Tourville, an officer under Louis the Pious, who died in 1270. César de Tourville was a Councillor of State under Louis XIII. Francis César de Tourville became field-marshal, and died 1697. Admiral Anne Hilarion de Tourville was one of the most celebrated naval heroes of France; he took part in the battle of Palermo, 1677, and, after capturing a number of vessels from the British, died in 1701.

Though dug out, burnt out, cremated, petrolised, and otherwise done for, the Colorado stranger is still being tracked in Germany as a *hostis humani generis*. The outlawry is now complete. He has been photographed, chromo-lithographed, and hung up, at Government expense, in every convenient public place, as a warning example. In all German ports, a large placard is fixed up, giving a coloured representation of the hated individual in its various phases of development and disguises—from the egg to the larva and the full-grown criminal. A description of his misdeeds is added; with the title in large red letters:—"Have an eye upon the Potato-Beetle!" ("Achtet auf den Kartoffel-Käfer!") It is mentioned therein that this insinuating insect has a trick of coming down on board ships with the currents of wind and of supporting itself, during more than six weeks, on no food whatever. By preference, it is true, it allows itself to be packed in cases of tomatoes, cabbage, and other American vegetables which are sent abroad. All German captains, crews, and passengers are urged to a proper watch. In communicating with lighter-ships, the captains are to take every care lest he should smuggle himself in. Private enterprise also is at work for his extirpation. A wooden or *papier-mâché* representation of the invader, life-size and coloured, has been fabricated by an energetic manufacturer. He sells these new toys as fast as he can make them, by the thousand and ten thousand, to careful husbandmen and peasants. The beetle has also been made in chocolate, so that he may be eaten in effigy.

We now learn that when execution was done upon "the mischievous coleopter" at Mülheim, Professor Gerstäcker, of the University of Greifswald, was present, at the request of the Minister of Agriculture at Berlin, to aid in the strategical operations. It was at his order that even on the field, where petroleum had already been used, the soil was dug up, step by step, with the spade, by twelve workmen. Some sixty larvæ were brought up, which had lain between four and five inches deep in the ground. More recent news alleges that another insect, hostile to the Colorado pest, has suddenly turned up close on his heels, artfully following him in his attempted invasion.

Another claim to the authorship of the 'Cheveley Novels' is put forward—although certainly not by himself—in the person of Mr. Ferrier, son of the late Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's, the author of the 'Institutes of Metaphysic,' one of the pleasantest of philosophical treatises. The somewhat remarkable novel which Mr. Ferrier has recently published under his own name is the ground for this report.

The authorship of the 'Cheveley Novels' is making a considerable sensation north of the Tweed, as the ingenious author or authors no doubt intended. The fact, industriously circulated, that even the Messrs. Blackwood do not know his name, has raised hopes of another "Great Unknown." We received the other day a letter from a lady who had accidentally discovered the authorship, "from internal evidence," offering to disclose it for a consideration. Negotiations have not yet been opened, but we think we shall begin cautiously with an offer of sixpence, which is fivepence threefarthings more than the value of the secret.

Some of the American country papers are said to be bringing out their old electrotype-plates of the eclipse of the sun as bran-new maps of the Russo-Turkish War. They could hardly be much worse than some of the specimens of war maps that we are favoured with here in London.

M. Paul Granier, better known by his adopted name of Paul de Cassagnac, is one of the wonders of modern French civilisation. "Sir," said a member of the United States Legation in Paris, the other day, to a friend who was expressing wonder at the conduct of the *Pays*, "if Cassagnac had been in our country, we should have gone for him long ago." And very probably and properly they would.

A subscriber forwards us a letter, the singularity of which merits attention. As the letter is lithographed it is tolerably obvious that its ingenious composer relies on catching at least several out of the numerous shoal for which he throws his nets. Here is the letter, which speaks for itself:—

Brunswick, June 28, 1877.

Dear Sir,—On the 1st instant I took the liberty of offering to you a share in the ensuing eighty-third Brunswick Money Lottery, and not having heard from you up to this day, I suppose that it is your wish to take the chance of the same, and as the first drawing is very near at hand, I request you to be good enough to remit its stake of 8*l.* in any way most convenient to you according to the annexed instructions to remitters of money direct to Brunswick. It is so much more a matter of importance that this sum should be remitted before this first drawing takes place, to be enabled to put you in possession of the original voucher before that drawing, so that you may claim any prize which may fall to the number taken.

Your informing me about your intention by an early post will greatly oblige, Dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

EDWARD SCHNEIDER.

Rumour says that the young Prince Imperial is greatly interested in the progress of affairs in France, and that he is quite sure that the whole affair will result in seating him upon the throne of his father. There is nothing like confidence, but with regard to political affairs in France there never is any knowing what may happen.

People who feel a deep interest in the doings of Marshal MacMahon will, we are sure, be delighted to learn that the gallant warrior and worthy President is regular enough in his attendance at confession to gladden the heart of a devotee of 'The Priest in Absolution.'

Mr. Collette has become so encouraged by a recent verdict that he is said to have some hope of reviving the old Rabelais question, and if he succeeds in bringing that to a triumphant conclusion to prosecute every bookseller who ventures to sell any other edition of Shakespeare than Bowdler's family version.

It is, of course, disagreeable for the Rev. Arthur Tooth to find his much-beloved confessional box destroyed by a zealous opponent of Ritualism, who had succeeded in the dead of night in nearly destroying the object of his religious aversion with the aid of "a large axe and two steel chisels" before he was interrupted by a policeman. We wonder what would have happened to Mrs. Jenny Geddes if she had lived in these days.

Ever since the scandal about the Society of the Holy Cross, the great work of the Society, 'The Priest in Absolution,' has been in great demand at the British Museum. So much was it read when the interest in this book was first aroused, that it literally came to pieces, and had to be sent to be bound firmly to withstand the wear and tear of the curious.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon is engaged upon a new work upon Lord Bacon, which will shortly be published. A special feature of interest in the work will lie in the portion devoted to the consideration of the curious Bacon-Shakespeare question with regard to which Mr. Hepworth Dixon is said to have collected a large number of proofs upholding the Baconian authorship of the plays!!

On Saturday, July 14, a valuable testimonial was presented to Señor Manuele Garcia, the famous Maestro di Canto, in recognition of his great services to science by his important discovery of the laryngoscope. The successful carrying out of this testimonial is in great measure due to the energy of Dr. Morell-Mackenzie, whose name is associated with the introduction of the laryngoscope into medical practice. By a curious coincidence, Dr. Mackenzie received, on the occasion of his birthday last week, a handsome clock and side ornaments, from the patients, medical staff, and executive of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, in Golden Square, where for fourteen years he has given his services and demonstrated the beneficence of Señor Garcia's discovery.

It would seem that another Scotch member, besides the Marquis of Lorne, will have to walk off the course, instead of walking it, at next election. This is Sir Robert Anstruther, the member for Fifeshire, who, it seems, will not give way on the question of Disestablishment, which all sensible Liberals in Scotland consent to, if they do not actively promote. Sir David Wedderburn may, it is said, take the place of Sir Robert, and the Marquis be succeeded by a brother of his own.

Daniel Manasses, alias Papp Vincze, general rogue, swindler, and author of the story of the poet Petöfi's existence in the mines of Siberia, found himself in an awkward position between heaven and earth last Saturday at 10 P.M. Instead of decently going to bed in his cell in the Klausenburg prison, he and his "mate" Bokór, managed to break their prison wall. Bokór had already landed on *terra firma*, but Manasses had but half got through the orifice when the gaoler put in an appearance, and pulled him back by his legs into durance vile. Utterly confused by this *contretemps*, and stoutly maintaining that he never intended to escape, and was only looking through the hole, the sudden existence of which had greatly surprised him, he ultimately succumbed to a fierce cross-examination, and confessed all his sins—that is to say, as many as possible in one sitting.

Dr. Kenealy has at last been outwitted. His feelings were much hurt by Mrs. Besant's remarks that he had foully slandered the Lord Chief Justice, and he wrote to her to ask her where these slanders might be found. Mrs. Besant replied that her statements referred to certain articles in a paper called the *Englishman*, "edited by Kenealy." She then adds: "If you are that Kenealy, and will write to me to that effect, I will answer your question. If you are not that person, I do not see how the matter concerns you." The doctor has not yet replied whether he is himself or not.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's last art-letter to the *International Review* contains an interesting plea for Gustave Doré. There is a tendency on the part of art-critics and æsthetics in general to run Doré down without mercy, to allow him no merit at all, and to consider his work as, what a leading art-critic declared it to be, "nefarious." It is, therefore, especially interesting to find a writer of such authority as Mr. Hamerton pointing out that there may be two sides even to this question. Mr. Hamerton informs us that M. Doré has recently taken to etching for the first time, and that, curiously enough, his work is very elaborate.

There is a little paper, entitled *The Living Age*, which came into existence some four weeks ago. It is edited by Dr. Nichols, distinguished as the inventor of "How to Live upon Sixpence a Day," and is, we believe, the successor to a journal, also edited by him, called *The Herald of Health*. *The Living Age* does not, however, confine itself by any means to the discussion of health questions; it also touches upon politics, and a recent number contained this note:—"The passage of the Danube was so unexpected that many people suspected treachery. Gold has taken as many fortresses as gunpowder. The great Marlborough was clever with that kind of ammunition." This is certainly a most ingenious way of explaining away an objectionable circumstance, and is well worthy of a man who can teach the world to live upon sixpence a day.

The New York *Nation* of July 5 contains some observations on our weekly Journals of Society, about which there is a certain revengeful sweetness:—"These prints live on personalities. Gossip, scandal, innuendo, and insinuation are their meat and drink. . . . They fill their pages with familiar notices of the personal habits of members of the Royal Family and their im-

mediate surroundings; how often the Prince of Wales dined at the Orleans Club, and what he had for dinner; what the Duke of Teck does when he goes for a stroll in the streets; how the Marquis of Lorne employs himself of a morning, and so on. They photograph in writing the tricks and ways of members of Parliament—what Mr. Forster does with his legs, or Mr. Goschen with his hat; the colour of Mr. Gladstone's necktie, or the shape of his waistcoat; the character of the polish on Lord Barrington's boots; and even the less pleasing personal peculiarities of individual members. . . . Nothing is sacred from these harpies of the new weekly press."

A curious danger is likely to arise in connexion with Mr. Holloway's middle-class sanatorium near Virginia Water, which, erected on 150,000*l.* worth of pills, will probably be opened in a few months. A great number of people, fascinated by the comforts of the place, are said to be seeking "berths" in it who are suspected to be perfectly sane. It is easy to see how insanity may become a fashion among a nation composed, according to a high authority, mostly of fools, and anxious to live as comfortable as is compatible with their folly. Some new means must be devised of discovering whether claimants to the honour of insanity are really the great sublime they deem themselves. Perhaps a little of vivisection, Dr. Ferrier, and brain-tapping, would be useful as a deterrent, and prevent sanatoria from degenerating into the paradises of mere ordinary imbecility.

The question of gas *v.* electric light, now agitating so many bosoms and companies, may be settled, it would seem, at the approaching Paris Exhibition. That exhibition, instead of being closed at dusk, will, it is said, be opened in the evening, and illuminated by jets of electric light, passed through the well-known candles of M. Jablochkoff. This process gives an enormous amount of light, with very little heat, one jet being as good as about 150 gas-burners, and yet giving no more heat than an ordinary farthing candle. The danger, too, is inappreciably small.

Great alarm is being felt—and even hinted publicly—in certain quarters, at the progress of theology in Congregationalist or Independent pulpits. The sermons of Mr. Baldwin Brown have frequently been the subject of remark, and now, it is said, the trail of the serpent has been found in the pages, hitherto considered blameless, of Dr. Allon, of Islington. A conclave of unmitigatedly orthodox Independents will probably sit upon these matters in September. It will not be found so easy, perhaps, to sit upon the divines themselves.

M. Alexandre Dumas is engaged upon a new play which, as all his recent plays have had some theory to serve as basis, is to deal with the doctrine of natural selection. This is certainly an original subject for a drama.

The Librairie Hachette is bringing out a supplement to the *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* of M. Littré. It contains a large number of terms of art, science, and agriculture, as well as the correction of certain parts of the dictionary.

It is said Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish a reprint of the recently-recovered poems of Charles and Mary Lamb. They will probably be edited by Mr. R. H. Sheperd, the author of the article on the poems in the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

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